DAY.

VIRGINIA

PREHISTORIC AND ANTEBELLUM

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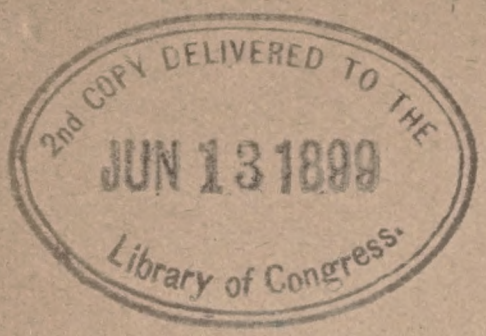

JUN 5 1899

VIRGINIA.

Prehistoric and Antebellum.

by

Marie Dove Day.
Danville,
Va.

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PRESS OF
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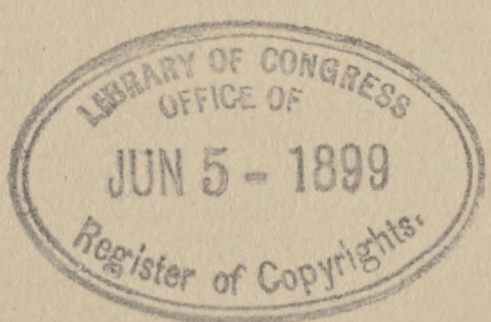

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UNCLE YORKE.

You can't make much out of circles,

And a great deal out of straight lines;

The circle is visionary, inasmuch as you go a long distance to come back to the point from which you start.

The straight line is truth;

But a combination of these two, in lines of grace and beauty—is Genius.

[These are reminiscences of my Father's time, and not mine, and must not be supposed to refer to anyone now living.]

UNCLE YORKE.

UNCLE YORKE was a noted character in his day, a day gone by, for Uncle Yorke flourished in the early part of this century, and as he said himself, nobody knew when he was born.

He was an old free negro, of great height, who lived alone in a log hut on the banks of the river, and made the most of his living selling fish on the Saturday Market. On Saturdays, the boys' holidays, they would congregate around the old man, and watch him envyingly, as he would draw fish after fish, from the water, while, perhaps, only a "glorious nibble" would be their reward from hours of patient fishing.

But the sight of his successes would inspire fresh hopes to sinking souls.

"I wish you would tell me how you do it?" a wistful voice would plead.

"Taint no manner o' use ter tell you, nor yit ter show you. Dout you jess nacherally knows, you jess well go berry dem baits, kase de fish aint gwine ter bite." A very discouraging damper to ambitious young fishermen.

"Why, Uncle Yorke?"

"Kase."

Now "Kase" in Uncle Yorke's mouth was an extinguisher, and finished up that subject.

He was a great favorite, however, with the boys, and his greatest attraction was his facility for telling stories, for he claimed to have fought through the Revolution-

ary war, and to have been one of Gen. Washington's body-guard. To have been one of that multitudinous body was a patent of nobility for his race; and as the survivors of the war were fast dying out, many claimed the honor, feeling securer as the time went by that there would be none to controvert the statement.

He told marvellous stories of that era, each account becoming more and more marvellous, but he allowed nobody to call him to account over any statement. Whether he had told them so often that he believed them himself, or only wanted to see how far credulity could be carried, I do not know. But they soared higher and higher in heights of mendacity until I shudder to think how far they might have gone, if Uncle Yorke hadn't died. Perhaps he wanted to see how far his imagination could fly. It was a pity for some of them to be beyond the bounds of belief, for they were vastly entertaining and were listened to with the kind of admiration that a ghost story excites. Ghost stories they undoubtedly were, if stories, with only a slight foundation of fact, may be called such.

Tom's 'possum hunt is intended principally to show the old man's arbitrary ways, and most of the questions asked were, with the wings of flight, plumed for instant use. But the stories, or the magnetism that alights here and there on individuals, widely differing in characteristics, held these boys spell-bound many a Spring and Summer afternoon.

He had frequently been in various straits, in which Tom's parents had helped him out, which accounts for his partiality for that "young America."

UNCLE YORKE'S WASHINGTON.

THIS is the favorite subject of conversation, in the days bordering on Washington's own time, and excites enthusiasm—a devouring and adoring interest that one can hardly understand, unless he can transport himself back to the days when "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," was said with a sound of exultation in the voice, equal to a hurrah. Imagine all said in accents of rising astonishment, for however often they hear Uncle Yorke's narration there is usually a new boy who hears it for the first time, and the others call out all his powers to impress the circumstances sensationally, and it would never do to even insinuate that any part was an "ower told tale."

They will commence something after this style:

"Uncle Yorke, I heard that you say that you saw General Washington?"

"Saw him! Menny and menny a time. Saw him! I was one of Mars' Ginerul Washingtum's bodyguards."

"You don't say so?"

"I does say so! Yes, I does say so! I was one dem 'portant offcurs; an' I tells you dat 'twas much as a man's wuth ter stan' up ter it. I was same's dat man's shadder. Ef he were dar—dar I was. Ef he turned, I was a-turning. Ef he was wake, I was settin' dar watchin' of him. Ef he war sleep, I was outside dat dore in a minit, ter keep udder folks frum pesterin' ov him. I war closer dan a shadder, kase a shadder jess foller in

de suhshine; but fyar wedder or fowl wedder, I was walkin afore him ter bresh de briers outen his parth, or I was walkin' long side o' him takin of his messages, or I was a-follering long hinst him, ter keep people frum sprigin' him. Ef yer don't call dat knowin' ov him, what does yer call it?"

"He was a great man, wasn't he?"

"He was so! He was so! Fokes in dese days aint got de fust idee 'bout dat man."

"How big was he, Uncle Yorke?"

"Well, you see dat house dar?" pointing to his own; small for a house, but large for a man. "He looked big as dat house, an' bigger. He moughtnt been so big, but he jess lookt big. He couldn't a got in dat dore, dough, dout lowerin' hissef, mightly. Ter give yer sum idee how big dat man did look, Mars' Genrul's sword (Uncle Yorke pronounces it as if it were spelled with a capital "S" and accents the "w" and Tom always feels that a sword is curtailed of its proper proportions, if pronounced aright, forever afterwards.) "Mars' Genrul's sword was ober six feet long, an' more'n dat. An' yer knows dat it takes a powerful man ter wrastle wid a sword six feet long. Now yer all knows dat yerself."

"I never saw a sword six feet long, Uncle Yorke."

"Nor chile, heeps a things you aint seed, nor, an' ain't nuvver gwin ter see. An' r-i-c-h! Rich warnt de word fer dat man! Menny an' menny a time has I walked ahine him, an' jess picked up de gole dollars whar jess drapped outen his pockets as he walked long frunt o' me, an' he ain't nuvver missed de fust one o' dem. I ought ter been rich, too, wid de chances I has had. You

ain't nuvver seed nuthin' like dat, now has are one o' you?"

They can truthfully say no.

"Once 'pon a time Mars' Washingtum was marchin' long sides ov de army, showin' dem how ter keep step; an' I steppin' long jess ahinst him—I dun tole you dat I was his bodyguard, ain't I?"

"Yes, Oh yes!"

"Well, he says, Mars' Washingtum, he says: 'Unc Yorke, tek keer o' dis heer sacratchal fer me—its wurth millyuns, millyuns.' Yer kin see by dat, how he trus' me?"

"I should think so!"

"An' I tuk keer ov it, and dough dar was millyuns ov gole dollars in dat carpet bag, I nuvver toched one ov dem. You couldn't say much as dat fer yersefs, now, could yer?"

"I should think it must have been a great temptation."

"Ah! Dem was de good ole times. Dey don't make darkies hones' as dat, in dese days, like I was den."

"But, uncle Yorke, do you think a million of dollars could get in a carpet bag?"

"Think so? I knows it! I done counted dem too offen ter be enny doubts on dat subjick. (I have grave doubts as to whether Uncle Yorke could count a hundred, straight along. While he never makes a mistake as to change, he seems to arrive at his results by some species of clairvoyance.)

"I thought you said just now that you never touched them?"

"So's I did! I nuvver touched one wid de idee ov stickin' ter my fingers, but countin' dem, jess freehanded,

aint de same, a tall. I dun digged my hans ter de elbo, down deep in dat munny, ober and ober again. I tells you, dough twant mine, twas a good sort o' feelin' "—

"But Uncle Yorke—when General Washington dropped all that money out of his pockets in the road, how come you didn't pick it up and give it back to him?"

This is said in rather a hesitating voice, and is trending to dangerous ground.

"Huccum? Huccum? Kase, chile, a great big high-minded fust-class gentlemun, like Mars' Ginrul George Washingtum, wud scron ter lessen himself by taking dat munny outen a po darkey's han, arfter it dun loss itself long his parth. You all don't seem ter understan' de feelings ov a rostrocrat like quality chillen ought ter! Menny an menny a time has I offered it back ter him, an he say: 'Keep it fer a keepsake, Uncle Yorke, jess keep it!' Arfter dem words, I kep it dout troubblin myself fether. I knows how ter 'have myself, ef sum uthers don't. Dere ain't noboddy in dis heer town dun ben raised bettern I has, ef I does ha' ter say it fer myself. I ain't gwine ter stan' back on raisin' wid ennyboddy—big er little—black er white—rich er po—high er low!"

"Wasn't it hard work walking all that way, Uncle Yorke?"

"Walkin' yer say. Walkin'? 'Cept 'pon 'cassions like dat, he nuvver, nuvver walked. Ain't yer done seed none o' dem picters wid Mars' Washingtum long sides er horse? Well, dat horse warn't none o' hisn', but jess sot dar ter sinnify dat he could ride whensumuvver he chuse. He uset fer ter ride uvverywhar! An'

I tells you, twere better dan enny pictyer, fer ter see dat charyut an' dem six horses—two was black, an' two was white, an' two was dapple grey; an' four outriders! Two fer ter open gates, and two was fer ter take terns shettin' ov dem. Dey rode, de ones in frunt 'pon cream colored horses, an' de ones whar rode behind 'pon red horses. An' I bet a sixpunce (dat is ef I had one ter spar) dat you nuvver knowed dat dat song dat uvery one o' yer mammies dun sung you ter sleep wid, was de same song made 'bout dat same charyut, an' dem same horses, fer ter 'courage you ter try an' be like ole Mars' Ginrul, kase he were bigger dan ennyboddy dat you uver seed, er uver gwine ter see, twell yer gits ter Heaven an' sees him, ef yer uver gits dar—an' I has my douts!"

"Was the chariot gold, Uncle Yorke?"

"Now yer know dat six horses couldn't pull a gole charyut ober dese rodes 'bout heer, arfter a spell o' fallin' wedder; an' what was de use ter ax? No, de charyut warnt gole; dough gole wouldn't a bin too good fer dat man. But twarnt gole, dough 'twas gole trimmed. An' 'twas good as are show' jess ter see Mars' Ginrul step outen dat charyut an' make a bow, wid his blue cote an' brass buttons, an' ruffles round his nake, an' ruffles down his shut frunt, an' ruffles round his hands, an' his har tied wid a bow er ribbin—an' whiles I'm talkin' 'bout de bow o' ribbin, I wisht one o' you boys would ax yer ma er yer sister ter gin me a piece o' black ribbin, ter tie my que, ter go ter meetin' nex Sundy; kase dat las piece too rusty ter be spectabul (even fer me.) An' he had dimon' buckles on his knees, an'

dimon' buckles on his shoes, an' he shined like he was fit ter go off like fireworks on de foth July."

"People don't dress like that now, do they?"

"Fokes use ter dress fer ter suit theyseves, in dem days, an' dey dressed more fer ter suit me, dough dey didn't hav' me in deir mines. But now dey all looks like, wid dier black close, same's a passel o' blackburds fixin' ter fly Souf fer de winter. Ah, dem was times ter tell bout, when dey had silver goblets all flinging round de yard jes fer ter kick bout, an' played de checkerbode wid twenty dollar gole pieces, stid o' pieces ov bone an' wood like I sees you meddlin' long. Times ain't as dey use ter was. I don't see nobody doin' dat sort o' way now, does you?"

They have never seen checkerboards so adorned.

"Uncle Yorke," says a boy, after a pause to swallow the checkerboard and the goblets, "I heard Mr. Chevalier's Bunty say that he was one of General Washington's bodyguard too. Was he?"

"Don't be flingin' dat Bunty up ter me." (Bunty is the red rag.) "Kase, taint wuth whiles ter listen ter dat nigger's racket, fer he warn't in de New Nited States at de time. En durin' dat whole time his fokes had all dun gwine ter Yurup and tuk Bunty wid dem. Mis Sallie, she had dun gone ober dar fer a trip an' she staid dar. An' she tuk Mammy wid her fer a maid, an' Mammy warnt willin' ter go dout she could take her chile wid her, an' dat's how Bunty cum ter be dar, but dar he was. An' whence he cumed back he made out dat he couldn't talk sames yedder fokes bout here, an'

had dun furgot all he knowed fore he went; an' he didn't know so much ter spar, no ways.

"Now dis is a sample o' dat nigger: One day I was up at Mis Sallie's 'bout sum feesh, an', as I went 'long in, I heerd her tell Bunty ter go an' tell Sylvy ter cum ter her right straight. Mis Sallie were sittin' out 'pon de frunt porch, and dem's dar her very words: 'Bunty, go and tell Sylvy ter come here, an' cum right straight.' An' stid o' sayin' what Mis Sallie dun say, Bunty cumed in whar I was, an' say:

"Seevee, Madame voo vur."

("Sylvie, madame vous veut.")

"An' ob corse Sylvy didn't pay no 'tention to no sech foolishness as dat; an' by and by Bunty say it ober gin, an' dat time Sylvy, say dat ef he didn't git outen her kitchen wid his impidence, dat she was gwine ter maul him wid de rollen pin. Sylvy didn't set horses wid Mammy's fokes no ways, kase she warnted Mis Sallie ter take her stid o' Mammy. An' Bunty went up an' tole Mis Sallie dat Sylvy didn't say "Nono we," an' dat she warn't cumin'. An' den Mis Sallie cumed herself ter de top ov de stars, an' say dat she would like fer Sylvy ter say dat message ter her, herself. An den I heerd her tell Sylvy dat she warn't gwine ter gin her sugar in her coffee fer a solid week. An' Sylvy didn't know what Mis Sallie were drivin' at. An' Bunty say, dat he dun tole her, an' Sylvy say dat Bunty hadn't tole her nuthin'. An' ef I hadn't tole Mis Sallie how it were, I dunno as Sylvy uver would a had eny sense bout it, an' I know Bunty would a ketched it. An' Mis Sallie jess larfed, an' said dat Bunty could do dout de sugar stid o' Sylvy.

"Now don't dat pruve dat he warnt fitten ter be nobody's bodyguard, when he couldn't understand no orders, an' couldn't gib none, in no better langwidg dan dat.

"An' I specs Mars' Ginrul Washingtum would star, an star, ef he was ter come here an' sees deir kerryins on. An' dey knows it too! Did you know dat dey rung a bell uvery time dat dey parsed dat house ov Mars' Washingtum's—dat same Mount Werrum? On dem boats dat paddle down dat same Jeames Ribber?"

"Yes," answers a little boy who has been on the Potomac, though he allows "Mount Wernum" to remain uncontradicted.

"Well, does you know what fer?"

"Father says that it is respect for his memory"—

"Respec' fer his memry! Yes, 'tis respec' fer his memry—dats de way dey puts it, an' a good way, too; kase ef Mars' Washingtum was ter cum back an' see de way dey does, an' heer de lies dey tells, dar'd be sumthin' chopped down 'sides cherry trees.

"Dat bell rings ter keep his sperit down; down in de groun'. Don't you know dat de soun ob bells keeps sperits down, an' drives dem 'way? An' dats de way dey does things, an' den dey fergits de wharfer, an' den here dey cum troopin' long; an' fixin' all manner ob 'scuses. I gwinter tell yer 'bout dat same Mount Wernum sum day, kase twant no mount 'tall. But I aint got time now, kase I got ter git dese feesh up ter de markit time nuff fer dem ter be cleaned fer Sunday's brekfus."

"Did you ever see General Lafayette, Uncle Yorke?"

"Menny an' menny a time! Him an' me was well 'guainted, so to speak—great cronies."

"Was General Lafayette big like General Washington?"

"Well, he moughtnt ha' bin so tall, but he was powerful spread out. Menny and menny a time has he larfed at de room he tuk up, whilst we was scrougin round de fire, an me brilin his bacon fer him."

"Did you see him when he came back after the war and staid in Richmond?"

"Yes, I seed him, but he didnt see me, and twant fitten for a po' nigger like me ter go pushin' hissef 'bout an' forruds mongst white folks like Mars' Lafeart."

"Father saw him," says one of the boys. "He didn't say that he was as large as all that."

"Likely he mought ha' swaged sence dem times. Twant no use ter keep up all dat bigedness after de war was ober. You see 'twas sum sich a way as dis: De bearnets had dun picked up and off de most ob be bigges' an' lef' mosely runts; kase I don't see no sech fokes now dat look big as dey did den. You see me, an' you see my size? Well, dey called me small den, an' ef I'm small—But you don't see no sich big lookin' fokes now as dey was den? Dey suttenly don' look so, does dey?"

"Not so big as all that; no."

"But may be its like deInjun's, showin' yer how ter warwhoop. It don't sound so moughty fearsum, but ef you was ter heer dat soun' whar it b'longs, I lay you'd wish you was deef, dum', an' blin', an absent minded, an' sumwhars else."

"But I warnt no sumwhars else when he cum long dat day. He went to take dinner wid Mis' Lisbuth. She

warnt feard o' nobody, Mis' Lisbuth warnt, an' she had dun name one de chillun arter him, 'Lefeart', an' dun drest him up in velvet and ruffles, wid his har all curlt down his back, an' his pa tole him, dat ef he would make a little speech ter Mars' Lafeart, dat he would gin him de bigges dollar dat he cud rake an scrape. An' so when de Markis cum in he sot up an' said it off like his prars, an' his pa gin him de dollar an' den sot him down on de floor an' went in ter dinner and forgot all 'bout him. De chillun didn't eat wid de grown fokes in dem times. An' what you think he did wid dat dollar?"

"Bought apples and cakes and candy, I bet."

"No."

"Put a hole through it and tied it round his neck and kept it forever?"

"Not he."

"Lost it?"

"No."

"Gave it away?"

"Well, not 'zactly. He went 'long up street an' cum back wid a bag full ov haf cents, an' sot down dar on dat ribber banks an' chucked de lass one ov dem in dat black mud fer de wharf rats ter dive after. Den he went home, an' he had dun spilt all dem nice close, an' his pa gin him a thrashsn', an' I aint gwin ter say dat he didn't sarve it righteously. An' he said dat he didn't want ter be named no Lafeart noways, an' dat he warnt gwin ter anser ter dat name agin longs he lived, an' he didn't. An' 'twas jess as well, kase all de darkeys 'bout here gun ter change deir names ter Markis dis, an' La-

feart dat, an' Markis Lafeart tuther, twell at lass twarnt no name to go by 'tall.

"But he was a sofe hearted little chap as uver lived. Once, on a cold, frosty day, I seed him take offen his shoes off his own feet an' gin dem ter a beggar boy on de rode, an' walk long home barfut. But, like as not, he wanted ter go barfut, an' thort it was a good chanst, an' his mar wouldn't let him 'thout sum 'scuse."

"Did he get a whipping then?"

"I dunno whuther de did or not. Dat was de way he 'counted fer der shoes."

"Uncle Yorke." This remark would come from a new boy, not one of his regular audience. "Uncle Yorke, was it *really true* about all those dollars?"

"Was it true? Is dat so? Who dis sputin ov me? Go on way from here boys—sassin' o' me? Cumin 'thout invertations an' axin all manner o' questions 'bout what yer nuvver seed in yer lives, no; aint nuvver gwin ter see —an' den axin me: 'Is dat so? Is dat so?' Clar out, uvery Muther' son o' yer. Sputin my werd! Clar out!"

"But Uncle Yorke," maybe one will remonstrate, "I come to buy some fish—"

"Yer don't git no feesh o' mine—Clar out!—Mixin up feesh an impedence—an' sputin my werd. Me, who nussed Ginrul Washingtum, an' waited on Mars' Lafeart fore you was born. Clar out! I tells you!"

They "clar out," but to return, like a swarm of flies, whenever they are "a mind to." Uncle Yorke, to do him justice, never bears any malice.

UNCLE YORKE'S AGE.

"YOU must be mighty old, Uncle Yorke," says Tom, "to remember so much."

"I is, chile, I is," with a sigh. "Nobody dunno how ole I is; fur back as I kin go mysef, I don't recollecks dat. But I was born twixt de dark an' de dawn ov a Sunday mornin', an' ef enybody was ter have deir own choosings dey couldn't pick a better time dan dat."

"Why, Uncle Yorke?"

"Kase fokes born at dat time sees an' knows more dan mose fokes. Dey heers things dat udder fokes don't heer, an' dey sees things dat udder fokes can't see," in a tone calculated to strike awe to the stoutest heart.

"Do you reckon you are much as a hundred?" and the little boy hesitates, between his anxiety to know, and the consciousness of having been taught how impolite it is to ask anyone's age; and he glances towards the door to see if it be open for a speedy escape, in the event of offending Uncle Yorke.

To his delight, Uncle Yorke regards it as a compliment.

"Hundred! Yes chile, more'n dat. Two or three hundred at de lowes' " says the old man, and with a pardonable pride at his longevity, he adds: "You didn't nuver know nobody dat ole? Did you?"

"No, I never knew anybody that old, but there was a man once much as seven hundred—"

"Dat was sum o' dem fokes in de Bible. I aint puttin myself long o' dem—"

"Not in the Bible neither, Uncle Yorke. There's a man in St. John's churchyard seven hundred and seventeen years old. Just think of it! I saw it on the tombstone myself."

"Now, chile, I knows what yer talkin' 'bout. Dat young man warnt more dan seventeen year ole; I knowed him, An' I knowed too, dat little wicket chile what pecked dat seven, wid a carpenter's chisel whare he stole, an' I seed de carpenter after him an' heerd him holler out: 'I aint got yer ole chisel,' an' de chisel flung itsef outen his sleeve when de words fell outen his mouf. An' I knows too," says the old man impressively, "dat years afterwards dat dat chil was streek by lightnin', an' fokes said when dey sont out de invertashuns ter de berryin, twere a accident. But I knowed twere a jedgment fer sturbin de peace ob de grabeyard, kase taint healthy to fool 'long dead fokes."

"Well, they oughtnt to leave it there then," says the little boy, "Ought they?"

"Well, it's this a-way. His fokes is all dead an' gone, an' everybody knowed he warnt no seven hundred, an' never spected dat 'twas gwine ter 'ceive nobody. An' dats de way things gits so musseled up in dis world. De fokes what knows don't trouble deyseves, an' bime-by, here come long somebody dat don't know nuthin' 'tall 'bout it—an' got de man's own graben tombstone to go by, an' sets down de biggest kind o' lies for facks, an' dats de truf."

Resuming after a meditative pause: "An' dey says, too, dat de lightnin' don't strek twict in de same place. Dat when de lightnin' done strek you once, dat yer kin

make yer mine easy fer de res ob yer days—taint gwine ter strek you no more. An' dat aint so needer, kase everybody in dis town know dat dat house 'pon top ob dat same Church Hill done been streckt three or fo' times, an' twict in one day, too. An' I knows, too," says the old man in a suppressed voice, but with an air of decision, "dat dere' sumthin' wrong 'bout dat house, an' I calls it flyin' in de face ob Providence ter go on buildin' dat house ober an' ober agin, back in de same place. Dere's sumthin' under dat hill whar wants ter see de light ob day shine 'pon it—"

"What, Uncle Yorke? What? cries the little boy, with his eyes stretched wide.

"I dunno, chile, I dunno. I done studied an' studied—up an' down—an' I can't pint to no tickler nuthin'. But shore's you born, dere's sumthin'! Dat Church Hill don't git long no ways somehow, an' yit no reason. An' it's a good lookin' place ter look at—

"An' dere's lots an' lots o' accidence whar happens 'pon dat hill, dat don't happen nowhars else; an' dey ain't nuver 'counted fur—an' nuver will be—in dis world," says the old man so solemnly, that the little boy's teeth chatter.

After a pause of some duration, Uncle Yorke asks, as a sort of feeler:

"Did you uver heer ob a man by de name ob Capten Kidd?"

"Captain Kidd, the Pirate—Oh, Uncle Yorke! Do you know anything of him?"

"I knows a heep, an' I done heerd 'bout him many an' many a time, an' I ain't so shore dat I ain't heerd

him mysef paddlin' 'bout up and down dis same Jeames ribber."

"Oh, Uncle Yorke!", in a tone of rapture; for Captain Kidd and his buried treasures, and his piratical exploits, were more charming than fairy tales to the enterprising youngsters of Tom's day.

"You see," says Uncle Yorke, "dat Capten Kidd were a sailer, but he were out ob a job—an' he had a long head, dat man had; an' was jess waitin' ob a chanct. An' he went 'bout tellin' everybody what he'd do ef he jess could git a holt ob a pirate—an' dey was waitin' fer sumbody dat warnt feard o' pirates, an' Capten Kidd seemed de man ter strek dat nail 'pon de top ob its head. An' de guvment went ter wuk an' fixed a ship fer de Capten, an' lo! an' beholes! He was de fiercess pirate dat de world ebber seed. An' dey had more trubbles 'bout dat one man dan de gang ob de res', an' sumtimes I makes up my mine dat dat lightnin' an' dat pirate's mixed up tergedder, but I aint nuvver settled it ter my own satersfaction."

"Do you really think," cries Tom eagerly, "that Captain Kidd's got anything buried under that Hill?"

"I dunno. Hits a mysterus doing one ways an' de udder, an' it don't become me jess ter say one ways or turrer, but 'twould set rite straight wid de ways dat dey say dat dat man did—buryin' ob his gole ad' silber in grabeyards. You done heerd de song 'bout him, aint you? I sings it sumtimes—"

"Sing it now, Oh! Uncle Yorke, please."

And after due persuasion Uncle Yorke sings a thrilling song of that famous adventurer, who kept the world

stirred up during his lifetime, and the earth stirred up in various spots for long years afterwards; as one and another hoped to enrich himself from those hidden stores, and the attempts have not died out yet:

"'My name was Captain Kidd, as I sailed, as I sailed.
And my name was Captain Kidd, as I sailed.
And my name was Captain Kidd,
And so wickedly I did;
God's laws I did forbid,
As I sailed.

"I'd a Bible in my hand, as I sailed, as I sailed.
I'd a Bible in my hand as I sailed.
I'd a Bible in my hand,
By my father's great command;
But I sunk it in the sand,
As I sailed.'"

"And," says the old man, as Tom gazes at him open-mouthed: "I knows, an' you knows too, dat he couldn't been wicketer dan to toted a Bible an' cut up all dem shines too."

"You said 'Invitations?' Invitations to a funeral? What did you mean, Uncle Yorke?"

"Zactly what I dun said, 'Invertashuns.'"

"Why! I never heard of such a thing."

"Weary likely you aint, but dat don't pruv nuthin'."

"But to a funeral? Invitations! Uncle Yorke?"

"Yes, Mr. Solomon. You sees in dem times dey had more darkeys dan dey knowed what ter do wid, jess steppin' all over dem, and dey sont dem 'pon all kinds er erruns. An' so when eny de fokes died dey tuk up two thre' darkeys, an' two thre' silver savvers an' tied a piece er crape 'pon de savver, an' a white ban on de darkey's

hat an' pon his arm, an' sont dem round ter de fokes dey knowed same's you do fer a party, wid de invertashuns on de savver, an' you knowed den who'd cum. Dat was de fust way dat I recollecks.

"After awhile dey jess sont out one all round, I 'spose dey had deir resuns fer 'conomy. Den, by an' by, sum o' dese here harf strainers dat didn't have no darkey ter spar, sont werd ter de papers—dey said, ter make sure dat deir frien's in de country cud git de werd an' not be axin 'bout yer ded rullashuns, when you was all of a broad grin, an' make yer feel kinder mixed.

"An' den, by an' by, it cum 'bout, dat everyboddy gun' ter do dat same, kase yer know fokes, dey is mighty apt ter do like everyboddy else does, dough dey thought at de fust dat it were awful 'po'-white-fokesy, ter be sendin' dem ter be printed in de papers, jess ter save trubble.

"I knows one thing—dat I aint nuvver done nuthin kase noboddy else dun it, an I aint nuvver gwin ter."

"What are you going to do when you die, Uncle Yorke?"

"I don't 'zactly know yit. I aint figgered it out, but I sholy aint gwine ter res easy ef dat Bunty cum, settin' hissef up wid his ars, kase ef my eyes warnt good shet I knows dat I'd see him an' be dissatersfied. Dere's sum fokes dat I warnts ter cum an' sum I dussent, I'm gwine dough ter be fixed straight when de time cums," he says cheerfully.

"But yer better run 'long home now an' kerry dem feesh ter Mis' Car'line, an' tell her dat dey's jess cotched—dough dem words is a waste o' bref, kase Mis' Car'line know dat I kin be 'pended on 'bout feesh."

The words about Captain Kidd fire Tom's imagination and confiding his secret to his mates, Church Hill on numerous Saturdays thereafter, bears witness to energetic searchings for whatever Captain Kidd may have forgotten himself, until it is dug so full of holes as to endanger life. And the police, who render enterprising boy-life a burden, take upon themselves to interfere.

UNCLE YORKE'S INDIANS.

"IF YOU are so old as that, Uncle Yorke, you could tell me something about the Indians, couldn't you?"

"Tell you sumthin'? I kin tell you everything fitten for you ter know. Injuns—Injuns plenty. Seed um cum, an' seed um go. Dey used fer ter trade beaver skinses an' sich, up an' down de ribber, dis same Jeames ribber, up an' down, in deir canoes. Pamunkys an' Notterways was de mos' ob deir names. Dem tribes staid 'bout hyer arfter de mos' ov de udder tribes had dun goned out Wes'. An' fer awhile dey got long tollerbly, but bimeby dey got dissattersfied, or de white fokes 'round 'bout warn't sattersfied wid dem—eny ways, 'twas powerful strattersfaction sumwhars, an' dey kep cumin' ter de Guvner 'bout one thing an' anudder, an' de fokes dey kep' cumin' on deir own parts, an' dey would all git drunk, an' dey wouldn't dress ter please de ladies long de streets, an' so on.

"An de Guvner sont ter de Presedent an' de Presedent sont back ter de Guvner, an' so on. An' den de Presedent sont a man dat dey called de Terpreter, an' anudder dat dey called a Gent—but why dey didn't call him a Gentleman at onct, I couldn't see, kase he looked peart 'nuff.

"An' dey fussed, an' dey fussed—leastways de Injuns didn't fuss, Injuns don't fuss—dey hits straight out, an' not always squar needer, but dey hits when dey gits reddy, an' dey looked like dey was gitten ready. An'

dey sont werd dat dey had done berried de hatchet, but dat dey knowed 'xactly whar 'twas berried.

"An' de fokes was gitten' oneasy, an' de Injuns wouldn't be qualified. Den de Guvner sont werd fer dem to cum up an' make up deir mines onct fer all, one ways or turrer.

"An den a passel ov 'Sichems,' dey called deirseves, sont werd dat dey was cumin'. An' I hoped to make de pruperations fer de 'Pow-Wow,' as dey called it, and in dat same Mutopolitan Hall, dough 'twas a church den.

"De pulpit warn't big nuff, an' so dey boded round a flatform outsides, ferther inter whar de fokes sets, an' dey sot dem all up dar so's fokes could see an' heer, as 'twas all far an' squar, twixt one an' turrer.

"I was dar, an' heeps uv white fokes dat I knowed—an' knowin' Injuns as I did, I cornsidered it mighty brash 'pon deir parts. But dere dey was, laughin' an' chattin', principly 'bout de Injuns, an' how dey looked —but de Injuns—nare one uv dem turned ter de rights or de leffs, but kep deir eyes fixed 'pon de Terpreter and de Gent.

"Fust, dey smoked de pipe apiece, as dey said, dough twarnt but one solitary pipe 'mongst all dem men, Injuns and all, an' dey parsed it all 'long de line, an' I knows sum fokes ov my 'quaintance whare was dar dat day, squinched at it. I won't call no names, but one ov dem fine gentlemans dat wouldn't eat wid a spun dat his wife eat wid, nor wouldn't drunk outen de same cupm wid his ownsum chillun, jess tuk dat pipe dout wipin' it an' smoked away like de res'. I looked at him in 'sprise, an' I kotched his eye, an' I tuk de libbuty o' winkin', but

he nuvver cracked a smile, so I says ter myself, dat dere must be sumthin' specul preshus 'bout dat pipe, an' I tuk a chanst ter look at it 'fore it gwied out, but I didn't see nuthin' 'bout it ter change ole Mars' Kurnel's sentimunce. 'Twarnt nuthin' but a root ob de laurel, cut like a burd, an' a brierwood handle, an' dat's all.

"So I 'specs dar was cunjur in de 'baccer an I pored sum dat out, but I nuvver seed nuthin' straodnary 'bout dat, I dun raised better thousan' times myself, but I helt my pease.

"It 'peared dat de Injuns warnt sattersfied 'bout sum munny dat dey said dat de Presdunt dun promised dem fer deir feeshin' an' huntin' gruns, an' dey kept de 'terpreter sayin', ober an' ober a gin, dat deir good Father in Washingtum had dun gin deir brudders more dan he dun gin dem, an' dat it warnt jus', an' dat deir lans was good, an' dere lans was de bes', an' dar dey stuck, an' dey warnt gwin Wes' dout dey was pade mo'—an dar dey stuck agin.

"Injuns mighty tiresum. Dey don't say much, but dey kin say it ober an' ober agin twell you don' sense de werds. Now dis a way dey went on:

" 'Our brudder's lans not good lans.
"Our lans good lans.
"Our brudder's lans not ariguble lans.
"Our lans ariguble lans.
"Our brudder's lans not paraguble lans.
"Our brudder's lans not narraguble lans.
"Our lans paraguble lans.
"Our lans narraguble lans.' "

"What did they mean by that?"

"I dunno den, an' I dunno now, but dey was pintedly

big werds fer 'scribin dem bottoms on dat Nottaway ribber whare dar was mo' sans dan lans. I knowed sumthin' bout dem lans mysef, where you can't rase nuthin, not even yersef, ef yer gits stuck,s ides all dem quicksans.

"But I let de Injuns talk fer deysevs, an' as nobody axed me nuthin', I tole needer de truf nor de lies, fer ef I knowed anythin, I knowed Injuns.

"An' as I was tellin' you how Injuns dus. You know how cheers dus? Once in a while you cums crost a cheer dat you carn't do nuthin' wid. You sets it in one place an' it'll wuk itsef ter anudder—principally terwards de dore. An' yer fotch it back, an' still it keep a projeckin' back ter de dore. An' maybe a cheer jess like it will stay jess whar yer puts it, ain't yer?"

"Yes, certainly, but what's the reason, Uncle Yorke?"

"Reesun nuff chile, but I can't tell you. I makes my own cheers mysef, an' I shore dat dar aint no witch werk in dem oak-backed an' split-bottomed cheers dat I makes mysef, an' tell yer Ma, when yer gits home, dat I'd like ser sell her sum, 'bout harf-dozzen, 'fore Crismus. Recollecks, now, Mars' Tom?"

"Oh, I will, sure."

"Well, as I was sayin', one ov dem possest cheers, possest ov a rovin' speret, was sot, unbeknownst, 'pon de flatform, an' one ov dem young bucks was asottin 'pon it. An' he warn't used to cheers noways, an' when he'd gin a little jerk; an' he was de onlist one dat didn't look like a brown statchur. I dunno what was de matter wid him, dout he warn't pleased dat all dem young ladies was lookin' at him an' larfin' fit ter kill deirseves.

An' ef dey had knowed all I knowed, dey'd a knowed dat 'twarnt de safes' thing in de werl ter larf at Injuns! An' Injuns don't 'low deir squaws, as dey calls deir young ladies, ter go nowahrs neer a 'Pow-Wow.' Well, uvery jerk dat he hitched, de cheer'd muve itsef a little fether backwards; an' bimeby, two ov de legs slipped ober de eedge ov de flatform, an' de two-legged Injun an' de fore-legged cheer fell ober an' mixed demseves up wid de awjunce, an' you nuvver heer sech a racket—what wid de cheers an' de hollerin' ov de whitefokes, fit ter bust! But nare Injun uver even turned up de whites ov his eyes, no mo' dan ef dey had been a milyun ov miles off, an' nuver even looked as ef dey had heerd a soun'. Sumbody picked up de cheer an' sot it back 'pon de stan', an' de Injun picked hissef up, an' walked as stiddy roun' dat flatform, an' needer terned his eyes rights nor leffs, an' tuk his seat same's he'd ben at home by his lone sef. But arfter he dun sot hissef down straight, uvery one ov dem Injuns terned his eye 'pon him like a gimlet, an' uvery one dem said: 'Ugh.' An' den terned back ter whar de Terpreter was, like dey had nuvver muved. I allers had a respec' fer dem saviges sense, kase dat was a tryin' time.

"Dey couldn't 'gree 'pon de terms ov de munny, arfter all de palaverin, an' de Gent kep' sayin' ter de Terpreter:

"'Our Good Father in Washingtum dun say all he got ter say, an' all he gwine ter say, an' dat offer is finul!'

"I heered Mars' Kurnel Kearter say dat he made a fine speech, but dem Injuns didn't seem ter think de same, kase dey all got up wid deir hatchets in deir hans,

an' I looked fer ter see dem chop dat man inter little bits o' pieces 'fore my face. I didn't 'spect no mo'. But dey jess say, all at onct: 'Ugh,' an' went on down. An' one ov dem stopped at de do', I beleeve de same one whar rolled over on ter de floor, an' looked at one o' dem young ladies whar seemed ter be 'joyin' hersef ober an' above de common, dough when he fastened his eye 'pon her, she hished up uv a suddent:

"'You talk too mush heep.'

"An' when he went out, she were redder dan he was.

"But dough I helt my bref twell dey did git out, I didn't breeve so free as I mought fer a spell o' days! But dey kep' on down, an' I heered dey didn't stop ter take bref twell dey got plum ter Washingtum. Dey fixed it up sumhows, an' dey lef' dese parts, an' dough sum ov dem nuver did git deir mines made up ter deir dyin' day, an' dey still stays down on dat Notterway ribber; but my ole bones got sumthin' else ter do 'sides meddlin' 'long Injuns an' mud, fer beaver pelfesses. An' dey don't cum here no mo', an' I's willin' nuff mysef ter say dat I dun seed de las' ob de Injuns! Kase I ain't de fust, an' I ain't de las', dat know dat de onliest good Injun is a ded Injun. An' I ain't gwine ter trus' a ded Injun too fer, kase ef it hadn't been fer dat same feelin' ov mistrus', I mought ha' been a rich man by now, an' ridin' sumthin' better dan dat ole saw horse out yonder 'pon de ribber banks.''

"How, Uncle Yorke? What do you mean?"

"Dat I knows whar's a place, whar's a whole passel ob Injuns berried wid all blongin' ter dem! An' ef I warn't feared ter go by mysef at nights, an' feared ter

trus' any dese here trifless darkies by day, I'd go dar an' dig up nuff ter set me up—but 'tain't no use talkin' Mars' Tom, I's feared. An' you go on home now—an' mabbe, sum day, when I ain't so busy, I'm gwine ter take you ober ter Brekingquarter branch an' show you dem Injun moundses, an' git you sum Injun arrer-heds—dat is, ef yer ma is willin' an' say so."

"Uncle Yorke," says Tom, balancing himself on one foot, "wasn't Pocahontas a good Indian?"

"Ain't Mis Pocahontas ded?"

"Y-e-s."

"Well, don't dat pruv what I say?"

"Did you know her, when she was living?"

"No, I warn't 'quainted wid her mysef, but I knowed sum dat was. But I nuver heered no harm 'bout her, an' ef I had, I would be loth ter say enything disrespecterbul 'bout her, kase I'm well 'quainted wid sum her kinfokes—an' Injuns is—Injuns."

That night Tom keeps repeating over and over the words, "Arigable, paraguble, narraguble," with every variety of emphasis. His father overhears the sounds, which do not resemble those of any known language.

"What are you saying, Tom?"

"Something Uncle Yorke told me, Father. What did he mean by ariguble, paraguble, narraguble?"

"What was he talking about?"

"About trading with the Nototway Indians for their hunting grounds."

"As I remember the occasion, I am able to tell you, that he meant arable, pasturable, navigable, else I think I should be as much in the dark as Uncle Yorke says he is."

THE OLD STONE HOUSE.

"I HAVE heard," says Tom, "that general Washington was in Richmond during the war, and slept in the old Stone House. But Bustler Williams says that he don't believe it. Did he, Uncle Yorke?"

"An' whar else was he ter sleep?"

"Bustler says there were plenty of fine houses up on Franklin Street for him to have slept in."

"Franklin Street! An' dat shows how much Bustler know. Dat house was de onliest house 'bout here fer anybodys ter sleep in, an' you might gin Ginerul George Washingtum credit fer sense nuff not ter sleep on de bar' ground when dar was a house handy, an' dere warnt no Franklin Street, so dar.

"I hoped build dat house, an' dat house is a house. Like dat in de Bible, dat house built 'pon rock, an' dat house built ob rock, an' its gwine ter take a powerful yearthquake ter shake dat house down. An' 'fore dey filled up dat street, an' set harf dat house down belowst de ground, dat house cas' a cumfertable shadow, an' in my day it didn't look like it now do, kase it set right on de ribber, an' dem factries is whar de stables was, an' behinst dem was de quarters, an' dar was big trees all 'round an' de biggest run ob water dat ebber flowed—dat same Bloody Run. An' dem hills shot off de winter's wind, an' dar was game—deer, bars, wile turkeys, an' all sorts of animils—an' at nights you'd only got ter put yer head outen de back winder ter see a curcuses, an' not have ter pay yer larst harf dollar fer ter go in dat

tent an' heer dat clown say things dat I would be 'shamed ob mysef ter 'spect fokes ter larf at.

"An' as I say, dar was feesh in de ribber an' game on de hills, an' woods to burn, an' water ter drink, an' what more could enybody want? I'd like ter be fixed up as well myself, fer de rest ob my life, as Mars' Jake was.

"You see, as 'twas dis away: Mars' Jake was 'spinted in luv, an' like mos' young fokes he couldn't bar ter be 'spinted. But ef he had waited twell he was ole as I is ter fall in luv, he wouldnt 'spect nuthin' but 'spintmunts. So he made up his mine ter go out inter der wilderness an' build hissef a monument. An' he 'suaded a Capten ob a boat ter let him bring dem stones 'long fer ballast. An' on dat same steamer was annudder young lady, an'—"

"What was she coming for?"

"I dunno, chile, kase she didn't ha' nuthin' else ter do I 'spose, an' yer knows when fokes got nuthin' else ter do dey is always doin' sumthin' onexpected. Well, dar she was, an' dar he was, an' she looked like de 'gal he leff behin' him,' kase in my 'pinyuns all galls looks like, an he fell in luv wid her on de way, an' dey got married soon's dey got ter Jeamstown. An' as Mars' Jake he had done make up his mine ter go on out inter der wilderness, an' when Mars' Jake's mine was made up, 'twas made up. So he cum on up de ribber as fur's dis Richmond, 'dough 'twarnt no Richmond den, an' he seed dis place, an' he seed all de pints ob de place, an' 'stid o' buildin' de monument ob de granite he tuk a sensible vue an' built dat house, an' his own fokes lib in it ter dis day, an dats a good sign. An' I got lots a things I

kin tell you 'bout dat house; one thing specully—you done heerd 'fore dis, dat all ole houses has a ghost belongin' ter dem, aint you?"

"Yes," in a very dubious voice, though his eyes dance.

"Well, all dem udder houses got ghosts whar cum in de night season, but de ghost whar haunts dis house cum in de day time, an' I gwine ter tell you all 'bout it—taint nuthin' ter skeer you, kase he don't cum arfter nobody but de young ladies ob de family."

"Tell me then. Mamma don't like me to hear ghost stories, but I aint scared in the day time anywhere."

"Well, this here ghost is a good-lookin' young man an' he cum an' ring at de dore an' say: 'Is de young ladies in? I dun fergit my kerd, but jess say "a friend."' An' dough dey see dat young man go in, nobody ever seed him eny futher dan dat dore, 'an nare one ob de young ladies dat he call hissef 'a friend' eber seed him in dere lives."

"Why, Uncle Yorke?"

"Kase he jess dissapeer right dar."

"Well, as I were gwine ter tell yer, dat was de onliest house fer Mars' Washingtum ter sleep, an' manys de time has I staid outsides dat dore in dat passige and said 'Highst! Sh! Sh!' ter keep him frum havin' his res' bruk.

"An' as you knows, dat de war 'gun in Boston, (an' places was futher way den, dan dey is now), an' it stringed all de way down ter Yorktown, an' it lasted seben year, an' you knows dat Mars' Washingtum warnt gwine ter set battin' his eyes fer all dem hundreds ob days an nights, when de fokes was proud 'nuff fer him

ter sleep much as he pleased. An' ter say whar he slept —an' fer all dem days an' nights—how menny days in a year, enyways?"

"Three hundred and sixty-five and a fourth."

"What dat 'forth' fer?"

"A little girl said it was for the 'Fourth of July,' but I don't exactly."

"Tell de trufs as yer goes long. Dat settles it. Now say, how menny yers dat war las'? Seben, yer all knows dat. Well, now tell me how menny in seben times dat menny? Kase dem's a heeps o' days fer ter be sleepin' heer, dar an' uvverywhar. An' as I was sayin whar he slept; I wouldn't be so brash as ter be layin my han on nar place, an' sayin' dat he didn't sleep dar. It makes me feel like noddin' jess ter talk 'bout it. But I kept quiet den an' sed: 'Sh! Sh!' An' I didn't do it fer thanks, but thanks I got, an' I got menny an' menny a gole dollar, too. An' I wisht I had dem now. But when I got one, I didn't know dat I was gwine ter git his mate, an' so's I didn't ha' no more sense dan ter spend him, 'stid o' savin' him fer seed. Ef yer foresight was only good as yer hine-sight, things would be diffrunt in this werl.

"Well's, I were sayin', Mars' Jake had two sons an' four darters, an' when de fust chile was born dey sont ober frum his duck, dat's what he called his sweetheart, an' her name was Hessie Castle (the duke of Hesse Cassel). She sont dat chile a gole bole, an' a lace garmink—an," says the old man, meditatively, "I nuv-ver did understan' 'bout de lace, kase de only lace dat I knows ob is shoe lace, as sum fokes calls shoeties, an' what dey wanted ter send dat chile a string, all dat

ways—I dunno. But, maybe 'twas luck ob sum sort. Taint no use ter contradicks everything dat yer earn't make out. Fokes raised one whars, an' fokes raised udder whars, don't always ha' de same sort ob idees; an' ef dey sont her a string, maybe dey understood it, but I dont. Howsumever, I has seed de gole bole wid my own eyes."

"I never saw a gold bowl in my life, Uncle Yorke."

"Well, 'taint nuthin' ter be shamed uv, kase dat's de onliest one I uver seed."

"Who's got it now? I know some of the family, and I'd like to see it with my eyes."

"I dunno which got it now. Mars' Samuel gin it ter his sister dat merried Mars' Ginerul Lambert, an' he tuk it wid him in de army, kase it were handier not ter brek, dan a gode. An' I dunno whar ter tell yer ter look fer it now. Mis Lambert, she died, an' her sister, what nuver merried, tuk keer ob de chillen; an' twere Mis' Nancy, dat is de one whar 'cassioned dat ghose story."

"How, Uncle Yorke?"

"Well, twas 'fore de war, and she had done sot her 'fections 'pon a young man. An' when de war bruk out, he an' his fokes was Tories, an' Mars' Jake's fokes was Merikins, an' dey didn't want Mis' Nancy ter keep cump'ny wid dis here young man, no, mo'. But Mis Nancy couldn't make up her mine ter gin him up, an' had done 'pinted a time fer him ter cum an' take her back ter Inglin or France, or sumwhars dey had kin' fokes. An' dat was de man dat call hissef 'A fren.' Some ob de Merikins killed him on de way dar, an' his

sperit warn't satersfied dout seein' Mis' Nancy. But I don't see why he ain't sattersfied yit, kase Mis Nancy done dead years ago—dout dey went ter diffrunt places."

Uncle Yorke has a force of conclusions which might have made him famous in another rank and walk of life.

"Mars' Samuel merried Mis' Lisbeth Walker. Her father was drownded afore her muther's face, an' her muther died dat same night, an' Colonel Prosser, whar was her cousin, tuk her an' brung her up, an' she was well off. Her uncle lef' her a lot, kase she named one ob de chillen arfter him, an' he leff de chile sumthin'—an' here's anudder thing dat I don't understan'."

"He leff her a heep o' salt sumwhars out wes, in Keenowhar, an' dey sent a liyer out dar after it, an' gin him some papers ter wrop it up in fer to fetch home, an' when he got dar, he foun' a whole batch o' fokes saltin' down deir hogs wid Mis' Tandy's salt. An' dey wouldn't gin it up, an' dar was so meny o' dem, an' jess dat one lettle man by his lone sef, dat he got 'timidated an' run off an' drap de papers behine him. An' when he try ter 'splain it, dey make a mighty fuss 'bout it an' said sumthin' bout 'Salt an' Batter-bred.' But dat didn't git de salt. An' I dunno what make dem so viragous 'bout dat salt, kase salt's cheep, an' Mis' 'Lisbeth always had plenty ob salt in de smokehouse. But maybe fokes allers wants what b'longs ter dem, little an' big. I does mysef, an' so I would thank you ter stop by Mis' Jones' as you goes home, ef it won't be too much trubble, an' ax her ter sen' me dat two-in'-thruppence she dun owed me fer a fortnite, an' I'll be 'bleeged ter yer, Mars' Tom.

"But 'fore you goes, jess wait a minit twell I tell you 'bout dem Franklin Street houses, 'fore Bustler git you all confuged wid his notions.

"De fust house built 'pon dat Franklin Street was built by Mars' Rutherfod. He tuk a fangle, dat down on de ribber was onhealthy an' so he sot his house 'pon top ob de hill. He was gwine ter fix it jess like de res'; lay it out in grounds, an' terrises ter der water's eedge wid flowers an so on, but 'bout dat time here come Mars, Willyum Byrd (an' he was a burd ef dar uver was one.) He warnt nuvver satersfied no ways udder fokes did, but dey mus do his way, an' his way warnt nobody else's ways. He 'sisted 'pon layin' out de whole place diffrunt frum de way dat dey 'tended ter fust, an' arfter he done started den he tuk a freesh idee an' said dat Richmond was like Rome, an' built 'pon Seben Hills, an' ef dey would listen ter his racket dat Richmond would las long's de world gwine ter las. An' dough dar warnt no seben hills, he cut one in two an' make seben—an' dats jess de way Mars' Willyum Byrd done all his life.

"He laid out dem streets an' cut off Mars' Jake's frunt porch an' 'suaded him dat 'twould be fer de good ob de cumminity. He jess spiled de house an' I aint seed it do eny body eny good, but jess made dem mo' an' mo' dissattersfied all 'long.

"Does you know de names ob dem hills now ?"

Tom knows Church Hill and Gamble's and Shockoe, but his information runs aground at the fourth.

"Dat's de way Richmond was built—kase de seben hills was dar ter build 'pon, an' now dey's fillin' up dem hills, an' de very fokes demseves dunno de names. Now I'm

gwinter tell you, an' I want yer ter keep dem hills in mine, kase dem hills was de salwation ob dis place onct, but dats needer here nor dar—I don't spect Mis' Carline want you to heer 'bout dat.

"Dar's de three you done said, an, Council Chamber's, an' Capitol, an' Navy is six. Now whars de udder? You ought ter know, kase you goes fightin' dar pritty neerly every Satterday ob yer life?"

"Oh yes, French Garden."

"Dat's de hill, French Garden. An' how you an' dem Butcher Cats come out last Satterday?"

"We didn't neither beat, because the police came on us just about the time we commenced, and we had to scatter like a covey of quail, but the brickbats are all piled up ready for the next chance," says Tom laughing.

(For Richmond, then and always, has been divided off into districts, in which stranger boys dare not enter with impunity, even though his home be only on the next square. Many an unaccounted for and belated errand is owing to that fact, as well as the fact that no boy is willing to allow that he is afraid of anything in the day time; although he is, all the same. And the feud between the Butcher Cats and the Hill Cats raged for years, and may still rage for aught I know to the contrary, unless in filling up the hills they also briged over the differences.)

"Well, Mars' Willyum divided dat place inter dem squars, an' he 'sisted 'pon de Capitol Square, an' ter make Richmond look like Rome, dough nobody warnt keerin' ter look like no Rome. But Mars' Byrd was obstinate an' finully had his way, an' when he had his way 'bout dat, he mus start up nudder skeem.

"Dis was ter divide de Norf frum de Souf, an he went an' drewed a line betwix dem, an' dat line what he drewed done 'cassioned mo' 'sputes an' trubble dan eny line dat de world uyver seed befo', an' de trubbles aint ended yit.

"Mars' Byrd say dat all dese fokes one side ob dat line was one kine ov fokes, an' all de fokes de udder side ov de line was nudder kine of fokes, dough I knowed dey was all close kin. Yit fer dat very reason dey gits deir dander up an' gits madder an' madder, kase one brudder know he aint no better nor worser dan de udder brudder. But when Mars' Willyum Byrd 'gun ter say dat he looked 'pon Yankees as harf strainers, dey got up an' said dat dey was bedder dan de fokes Souf, kase dey cumed here ter wushup ter please demselves, an' (dough I has been 'mongst dem an' didn't see so mighty much o' wusshupin' nowhars), dey went on ter make out dat de ship whar fotched dem ober was de Ship o' Zion itsef an' dat Mars' Byrd's fokes jess cumed ober fer a frolic.

"An' he sed dat dey knowed dat warn't so, when dey sed so, dat his fokes cumed ober here wid de muteruls in deir hans, so's to speak, ter buil' de churches, an' dat dey, soon's dey got here, built dem de fust thing. An' ef dey warnted ter make surer, dat dey could cum an' dig out de cornder stuns. Dough he jess dared um ter try it. He sed dat dey didn't talk so much 'bout 'Wusshup,' an' dat ef dey wusshupped ter please deirseves, dat burnin' holes in Quaker's tongues an' cuttin' off deir noses an' yers was 'wusshup,' dat dat sort uv wusshup didn't please him.

"An' dat he was gwine ter draw de line twixt dem,

dat dey didn't think de same, an' dey didn't talk de same (an' dat was de truf), an' in my mine dat's a jedgment 'pon dem fokes feruver, ter go on talkin' thru' deir noses, kase dey cut off so menny dem Quaker's noses an' moufs, dough I ain't axed nobody ter 'gree wid me. An' he sed dat dey didn't look de same, an' dat dey didn't do de same. An' he stuck ter dat line, an' called all dem ober dat side, Yankees, an' all 'pon dis side F. F. Vees. An' den he sed dat dey was all a hard-heded an' a hard-harted set o' willins, and he was glad dat dey was finully suppurated. An' fer Mars' Willyum Byrd fer ter go talking 'bout hard heds, was de pot callin' de kittle black. But he drewed dat line, an' dat trubble is brilin' up terday, an' fer nuthin' in de werl but kase Mars' Willyum Byrd couldn't stay at home in peace, nor nowhars else, an' he had a good home ter stay at, too—West Rover or Rest Ober, I dunno which, but it lie too clost ter de water's eedge fer me, an' ain't got no frunt porch."

"Did they bring the bricks in their hands, sure enough?"

"Well, not 'zactly in deir hans, so's ter speak, but dey fotch um on de vessel, an' soon's dey got de grabeyards fixed up dey built dem churches. An' you knows why?"

"No."

"Kase ter sober up dem fokes at de gate, an' make dem recollecks what dey was cumin' ter at de las', an' not go a-fritterin' an' a-titterin' up de iles like dey does in sum dem up-stars town churches nowsdays."

"What is an up-stars church?"

"What youalls calls gallries. I sposen dat dey was fust fixed ter set de gals in, but dese here gals dun got out de traces."

"Was Patrick Henry in the gallery when he made his famous speech over at St. John's, Uncle Yorke? And did you know him?"'

"Mighty well, mighty well. But what 'tickler speech dat you talking 'bout, kase dat man were mightily giben ober ter speeches?"

"That one that ends by saying: 'Give me liberty or give me death,' answers Tom, spreading out his arms dramatically."

"'Gimme libuty er gimme deth.' Dat soun' jess like him. I knowed him when he ust ter go 'bout fiddlin' 'fore he got de notion ov talkin' so big. But dat soun' perzactly like him, kase he were allers a gret han' at sayin' 'gimme.' Whenst he fust started, he warn't so overly bundled up wid dis here werl's goods, an' he got inter de habit er sayin' 'Gimme.' Arfter while he foun' out dat he could use de biggest sort er werds ter confoun de intellecks, an' he drap de fiddle an' tuk ter lawyerin'. Dat was a smart trick 'pon his part, kase common fokes allers holes wid sumthin' dat dey carn't noways make no sense ov, kase dey thinks dat dey carn't go gin' what dey don't understan'. Dat's de truf. Well, he tuk ter lawyerin', as I dun sed, an' yer knows, or yer suttenly gwine ter know 'fore yer dies, dat all a lawyer say, pritty much, is: 'Gimme dis, gimme dat.' An' arfter while der warn't so much more fer de fokes

ter give; den he say: 'Gimme deth,' kase he dun finished up his time."

"Go on home now, Mars' Tom, an' don't yer forgit 'bout dat two-an'-thruppence."

GENEALOGY.

We speak this now below our breaths,
There never were but two F. F's:
And one was Adam's, one was Noe's,
Of whom true Histories tell;
And some of them, the story goes,
Did not behave so mighty well.

UNCLE YORKE'S GENEALOGIES.

"DAT Mount Wernum warn't no mount a tall, an' I were 'sprised fer ter heer Mars' Washingtum say so, 'specially arfter makin' dat 'sertion dat he nuver tole a lie in his born days, an' I knows dat I'd be feared ter 'spress mysef dat way; but white fokes is curus, fer dere's mo' places up an' down dis same Jeames ribber, dat's got names wid not as much sense as ter shake a stick at Fer instunce, 'Vude low,' an' 'taint low tall, but de highest place 'pon de ribber banks, an' dar's Chip-oaks, an' dough dey kin have 's many chips as dey chooses ter split up, dey jess in a pine furrest. An' dar's White Marsh, an' I knows dat all de marshes in de world got nuthin' but black mud, or twouldn't be a marsh, an' dar's plenty mo'."

"How do you know so much, Uncle Yorke?"

"Kase arfter de war were squinched, Mars' Washingtum didn't need no more body-guard, an' I had ter go ter wuk, an' I traded up an' down dis same ribber, an' I knowed how ter keep my ears an' eyes open, an' my mouf shet, an' I seed nights an' sights, an' ef fokes was ter cum an' ax me de pints, I could 'splain menny an' menny a thing in ways dat dey wouldn't be lookin' fer, an' right here's one ob dem.

"Dey used ter send fokes ober frum de ole country in packs ob three—brudders—when dey could ('cept dem Wises, an' dey cummed ober in packs ob seben, an' deir name was legion, an' I don't say no mor' out o' respec' ter Mars' Wise). But you sees, when one brudder got

loss, dat de two could hunt him up; or ef one got hurt de two could take keer ob him, an' nuss him. Dem was diffrunt times frum dese, an' had ter be 'ranged fer diffrunt, an' 'twarnt no mo' use ter brag 'bout your way bein' de bes', dan 'twould be 'jectin' ter a fly's eyes bein' 'pon top ov his head, an' seein' you 'fore you sees yersef. An' dat 'rangment wuked all right—sept fer dem Bollin brudders, an' dey didn't git long on de way ober, an' de Capten o' de vessel what fotch dem ober had a hard time ter keep peace, but dey didn't want ter be frowed overbode, an' called Mutiny, but jess soon as dey stept deir foot 'pon de shore—dey fit—an' den dey 'greed ter seprit, an' dat was de fust time dat dey uver 'greed 'pon one subjeck. An' dey went diffrunt ways, one up, one down, an' one round.

"Dar was sumthin' dat dey an' de res' ob de fokes made a gret 'miration 'bout, dat dey called 'Libbuty o' Conscus,' dat is, dat fokes kin do what dey please, jess so dey ain't cotched up wid. An' so dey could spell jess like dey pleased. Not like nowadays, when ef yer wants ter go in sciety, you got to spell like everybody else, sames yer got ter dress like everybody else. Den dey all talked like dey choose, too, an' a fust family ob Verginia, talk like he choose ter dis day. An' dat's all right, an' so dese here brudders, dey all signed deir names, an' spelt dem all diffrunt—I carn't spell none ob dem—but dey made a pint ter spell dem names—de same name—fur part as possible; an' ter stay fur's apart, an' dey didn't want nobody ter know dat dey was kin. An' you ax one ob dem, when he cum ter town: 'Is you 'quainted wid' sum Bollin you know, an' dey say right up: 'No,

an' we don't spell our names same way.' But you cum an' ax me.

An' dar's ole Mars' Nathan Enruffty (Enroughty) dey says now, dat dat poor ole gentleman, what nuver did nuthin' ter disgrace his name, was name Darby. Dat Enruffty spell Darby. I carn't spell Enruffty needer. Needer Enroughty, needer Darby. But ole Mars' Nathan Enruffty warn't named no Darby. He had a son Nathan, an' a cousin Nathan, an' dey all lived in dis same county ob Hannaracker, an' near by one anudder, an' when you was speakin' 'bout Nathan Enruffty, dey say: 'Does you mean ole Nathan, young Nathan, or middle age Nathan?' An' you'd say: 'I means ole Nathan Darby,' kase he cumed frum Inglan, an' dey called all dis here country New Inglan den, dough dey 'sputes 'bout it now. An' he cum frum a place called 'Darby' ober dere, an' so he called his place ober here 'Darby', ter make it seem like home. An' Mars' Nathan was proud ter be called Darby, kase I heers dat in dat ole country, dat dey calls onliest de biggest fokes by de name ob de land, an' ole Mars' Nathan was human, an' liked ter feel biggity. But ole Mars' Nathan would be de fust ter row, ef he knowed dat dey was puttin' slights on his name. An' now dey's got ter bleevin' dat Enruffty spell Darby, an' Darby spell Enruffty. Darby don't spell Enruffty no mo' dan Richmond spell Rome. I knowed Mars' Nathan, same's I knowed mysef.

"An' dar was all dem Harrisons. Dey scattered demseves up an' down dis same ribber, an' dey was all named Randolph. An' de one whar lived at Clifton, called

hissef Clifton Rannie, an' de one dat lived at Brandon, called hissef Brandon Rannie, an' de one whar lived sumwhars else, called hissef Sumwhars-else Rannie. So lots o' fokes long dat ribber, thinks dat deir names Rannie ter dis day, an' ain't nuver heerd nuthin' 'bout no Harrison.

"An' den I knowed three more dem brudders; ole Mars' Nickless, an' dey sot deirseves 'pon a place high up de ribber, an' it's sot round 'bout wid hills, an' de ribber crosses an' twisses, an' anudder ribber crosses an' twisses crost dat water, an' de waters cuts dem pritty much off frum de res' ob de werl, twell dey done got ter thinking demseves like Noah; dat dey is de onliest family in de werl, an' dey thinks so ter dis day! Dough you know, an' I know, dat dar's squintillions ob fokes in dis yearth dat ain't nuvver herd uv dem!

"Dar's dem Powelleses! Dey cumed ober in droves! An' all de men was named Cuthbert, an' dey called it 'Cud' fer short. An' de rest was named Lou Ellen, an' Lou Ellen do seem a rediclus name fer a man; an' de yonng ladies whar warn't named Lou, was name Ellen. (Dar's a likely chambermade at dat Bell's Tavern name Lou Ellen, but dat's needer heer nor dar.)

"An' as I dun sed, white fokes is curus. Dey didn't cum frum Inglan, dey sed. Dey cumed frum a place called Whales, an' dey was big fokes, an' dey sed dat one of deir father was named Bligurd. 'Bligurd,' an' don't dat ha' a mighty queer sound ter you? It sound mighty like sum yether name ter me! Or maybe I dun make a mistake bout dat. Maybe dey cumed kase he were called Bligurd. I ain't sho, but darkey as I is, ef enybody

was ter call me Bligurd I'd knock him down, fer sho'!

"Well, Jeames ribber was too scrougy fer dem, an' so dey went fether, ter find anuther bigger ribber, an' dey foun' it. But dey went so fur frum mose fokes, dat de mose ov dem was massacreed by de Injuns! But dar was plenty leff, fer dey didn't make nuthin' o' havin' eighteen, or nineteen, or twenty chillen. An' de chillen merried all bouts uvrywhar, an' now yer karn't fling a rock nowhars 'bout here, 'dout you hits one ob dem, or sum deir kin.

"An' dar was dem three Cabelses brudders," and the old man sighs.

"Where did they come from?"

"I dunno whar dey cumed from, but dey ought ter stop an' ax deyseves whar dey's gwine ter! Kase, ef you sees are one o' dem Cabelses, an' dar's any mischeef, you may be sho, dat he is in de middle ov it. But ef dar uver was a good lookin' set ov fokes, it's dem same Cabelses.

"What I recollecs, I recollecs! An' what I knows', I knows! An' what I says, I says! An' ef you wants ter know, you cum an' ax me!

"An' now it's time fer you ter run 'long home, Mars' Tom, kase I got sumthin' else ter do, an' ef yer stays too late, Mis' Carline won't let you cum fer de feesh next time, but sen' dat wooly-heded Isham—an' Isham an' me don't git 'long—him wid his sass, an' me what was raised 'spectable.

"But nex' Sattday evenin' you cums, you fetch me a piece o' yer ma's wheat bred, kase I'm gwine ter have a cat-feesh stew."

Which conveys an invitation to Tom to share that delectable dish.

"I made up a piece er potry 'bout dese here F. Fs. mysef," says Uncle Yorke, "an' de onliest one dat I uver did, but yer Pa sed, when I 'cited ter him, dat dare was 'nuff in it fer eny man's lifetime.''

"Tell me?''

"An' whar dus all dem F. Fs. lib,
Ob whom I hab offen heerd?
Dey libs up in deir fambly trees,
Don't yer know dey all part Byrd?"

"I made all dat outen my own hed, 'cept dat werd 'whom.' Miss Sallie Chevallier tell me dat, kase I ain't nuvver sed 'whom,' 'fore ner sense, in my born days.''

"Don't you know anything more about anybody?"

"I knows a heep, but by an' large, dey pritty much de same sort o' fokes.''

UNCLE YORKE'S GOVERNORS.

ONE evening they have rather a short seance. They find him busily sorting out fish, arranging them carefully on strings, all of a certain size together, and all of the best on one bunch; and to all of their remarks he lends only a preoccupied attention.

At last he holds up a special bunch as the finished result of his labors.

"Now aint dem beauties? Dem's fer de Guvner."

"Governor? Why, Uncle Yorke, you've sold fish to the Governor before—"

"Yes, I has," with a consciousness of attaining the highest perferment in the fish line. "I has, I has sold feesh and flung in extras, to pritty nearly uvvery Guvner dat uver presided in dat manshun. But dese here's p'tickler feesh, all de same. Kase dese here's de fust time dat I has had a chanst at dis new Guvner, an' I is allers overly an' 'bove p'tickler at de fust time. Kase wid sum people dere aint gwine ter be no next time—ef you 'spints dem de fust go.

"Now, yer notices: de fust time you goes anywhars yer wars yer bes' close, an' it don't make no diffrunce what yer wars arfterwards: kase dey done formed deir 'pinyuns 'pon de fust look dey takes at yer. Ef yer wars de wust—why, I don't keer how fine yer dresses arfterwards, dey allers says to deirsevs, ef dey don't say out loud: 'I wish dat yer had seed him de fust time I seed him.' An' yer knows dat's so yersef?"

"That surely is so, although I hadn't thought of it before."

"Well, I has ter spen' a good deal ov my time by my lonesum sef, settin' dar 'pon dat ribber bank feeshin', an' I lays out ter make de mos' ov it. Now dere's one chile in dis here town named Mayann, an' de fust time I seed dat chile, I were tole dat her name was 'Lizbuth; an' dough I dun been tole more'n a hundred times sense dat, dat her name's Mayann, I calls dat little gal 'Lisbuth ter dis day, ter mysef, ef I don't call it out loud, an' it 'peers ter me dat dat's dat little gal's name"

"What does this new Governor look like, Uncle Yorke?"

"I aint nuvver seed him yet, dough I has allers made de 'quaintance ov de Guvners at deir back door, fust an' las', an' talked polyticks an' polytax wid dem. An' dough 'twouldn't do fer a po' darkey like me ter be givin' no advice ter no Guvner—still—I has offen tole dem how de yuther Guvners did 'pon sech an' sech 'cassions, an' dat, in itsef, is a good sort ov lessun. Kase ef yer knows how one did so an' so, an' it didn't suit or it did suit; why yer kin makes up yer mine ter do, or not ter do dat same. An' I makes, no dout, in my own mines, dat I has had a lettle finger in de 'fyars ov de Nation, unbeknownst ter mos'.

"Uv de Guvners, I has had a high 'pinyun o' sum—an' mos'. But dis here one's new, an' jess noggerated—an' what sorter, I got ter think o' him is a ventur, but ef he takes 'pon hissef ter think 'bout me, he's gwine ter praise dem feesh. I b'lives dat sum dem feesh jess saves deirseves frum one generashun ter anudder, ter fry

fer de Guvner—Kase I dunno when I has had sech a haul?"

"Uncle Yorke, what do you do with all the money you make. You must make a good deal?"

"Well, I does," says he modestly, knowing very well that to produce the impression of having "laid up money" lends a halo to any head. "I has saved up sum, dough not so much as I mought be 'spected ter."

Uncle Yorke has two reasons for expressing himself in these particular words, in the first place, he reserves his supremest contempt for what he calls "po' white trash" and wishes to inspire some respect for his possessions, and on the other hand, he has no wish to draw any too much notice upon his stupendous wealth, as to inspire any plot against his life.

"Do you put it in the bank?"

"What bank you talkin' 'bout?" he asks suspiciously.

"The bank up town, where everybody keeps their money?"

"No, chile, dat bank wouldn' suit me; I wants my munny under my own eyes!"

"Father says that it is safer to put your money in bank, than to try to take care of it yourself."

"Well, so's it mought be fer enybody wid squintillyns o' munny, like your Pa! But my little pile would git loss 'mongst all dat gole and silver 'longing to udder fokes. A dollar two, mo' less, ter dem, ef dey conldn't count fer it, would be a drap in de ribber; but dollar two, mo' less, look bigger'n dat house ter me. So's I keep's mine safe."

"What do you do with it then, Uncle Yorke?"

"I ties it up in a nold frazzled sock, like baits—an berries it."

"Where? In the graveyard?"

"Whar? Now whar? I didn't gin yer credit fer much sense, but I shorely gin yer credit fer more'n dat. Whar? I changes de places uvery day, twixt de two suns, fer I knows dat dar's plenty fokes noticin' o' yer, when yer aint got de leas idee. An' I nuvver aint gwine ter do no sech foolish thing as ter be walkin' backwards an' furruds ter de same place, time arfter times! 'Taint no use fer a' body ter keep follerin' me up, 'bout no munny: kase dey gwine ter be 'spinted."

"Well, you ought to have a lot, by this time—selling to the Governor, and so on. I shouldn't think that the Governor need to count his change."

"Well, now you's a talkin!' So's you mought think. Haint I jess ben tellin' you 'bout "flingin' in de extrys?" Now you mought think dat de Guvners mought do a leetle bit on dat line o' flingin' de extrys, but dey don't. An' sum dem dun lookt like dey thunk ter fetch dem ter dat back dore, was nuff gloryn an' honor, fer a po' darkey. An' I muss say, ef its de las' werd, dat I'd hate ter see are uther nigger, dat I know, cropin' up dat back steps wid his eyes an' his feesh a shinin,' 'toards me. I bleeve dat I'd drap ded—seein' hissef give hissef dem ars 'pon de 'cassion."

"Who are you going to leave all of it to, when you die?"

"I dunno—Sally Ann, natcherally, an' in cose, 'spects ter git it; but ef she do—she got to fine it fer hersef, when I leaves it; kase I mought jess be in a trance, an'

want it back gin, arfter she dun tuk posseshun; I got ter look out fer Uncle Yorke fust."

"Now you all gwine on out; kase I'm gwine ter kerry dese here feesh mysef, an' see how dat piece o' lan' lie. An' den sell in de market, arfter de Guvner git de prime pick."

"Oh, Uncle Yorke, ain't you going to tell us anything about the Revolution this evening?"

"Nare werd, an' don't yer be speerin eny questions at me; I aint got no time ter stay an' tell yer nuthin'—ef yer nuver knows—an' frum sum dem questions dat you axes me, I'm 'sprized at de little sense you gits in dat skule, whar you goes so reggler—when you ain't playin' truant. I sees yer, when yer little knows it, an' I'm gwine ter save it up 'ginst sum ov yer.

"So, go 'long now, an' let me lock dis here dore."

BACON'S REBELLION.

ONE morning, Tom finding time hanging heavy on his hands, straggles down to look at the river, and, en passant, Uncle Yorke, whom he finds, so to speak, rampant.

Uncle Yorke is trying to fix some "corn-bags," as he calls them, so as to set as comfortably as the conformation of the bags allow, around his neck. As he takes them off to retie them, Tom asks what he is doing.

"I'm gwine ober ter de mill 'pon de Chickahominy, fer ter have dis here corn ground into meal, an' I'm tryin' ter fix it so's 'twont seem so heavy ter kerry, but heavy's de werd. But, I shorely is tired of choking mysef ter deth on cold pertaters."

"What are you going over there for? Why don't you get your meal already ground? We do."

"Well, dey puts too menny things in de meal I has ter buy, an' I wants ter see de corn groun' mysef, an' I'm gwine ter set by dat hopper 'twell mine cums out. When I wants meal, I wants meal; an' when I ain't got gravel 'nuff in my gizzard, I'm gwine ter eat grit, an' not befo'. An' ef you feels like, an' yer ma say so, you run 'long home an' ax her, an' meet me down by de markit, whar I'm got a job, an' you kin go wid me, an' I'll fotch you back by Bloody Run."

Of course Tom "feels like."

It is a lovely day, and quite a romantic walk, as after going down by French Garden Hill, the scene of many of Tom's hairbreadth escapes, they go on up along the

stream, Bacon's Quarter Branch, or as Uncle Yorke calls it, Beakensquarter branch, all in a bunch.

He recalls all that he knows of that affray, and a good deal that he doesn't know, of the romantic career of that rash young man, of whom so many conflicting accounts are on file.

"De fights was kinder mixed up. De Injuns was fightin' kase dey wanted ter, an' Mars' Bacon was fightin' kase de Injuns was, an' de Guvner was fightin' kase dey bof was. Now, dis here's a long time ago, an' Injuns is mo' like chills an' fever dan enything else dat I knows. You takes 'nuff medecine fer ter brek de chills, an' on de seventh day, or de fourteenth day, or de twenty-onth day, out dey breks agin, an' den dey disappeers, an' den on sum other seventh somethinth, dey cums out, like dey hadn't nuvver stopped. Dat's Injuns! Dey would fight, an' stop, an' den cummence agin 'pon de war-path. An' de Guvner couldn't, or wouldn't stop dem, an' fokes was gittin' worn out ov bein' murdered when dey was least 'spectin' it, an' tired ov heerin' war-whoops in de middle ov de night, an' bein' jerked outen de beds an' chopped up. Dis here Guvner warn't one ov our Guvners, but a Britisher, dat dey had done sont here, an' he wanted ter fight ov his own way, or didn't want ter fight no ways, more'n likely. An' he thought 'twas gret things ter be a Guvner, but his idees ov bein' Guvner was ter dress fine, an' ride easy, an' give big tuckouts, an' so on. An', bein', as I says, raised sumwhars else, he didn't, fer suttenly, onderstan' Injuns.

"So dis here young Mars' Bacon sont him werd dat ef

he warn't gwine ter stop dem Injuns, dat he was gwine ter take 'pon hissef ter stop dem. An' de Guvner sont werd ter him ter mine his own biziness, an' he sont werd back, dat he was minin' ob his own biziness when he was fixin' ter keep de Injuns frum killin' ov him. An' he raised a lot ov soldiers dat thunk same way as he did, an' dey marched all 'bout, an' finully sottled deyseves, jess 'bout here. An' de Guvner sont werd 'round, fer everybody not ter hep him, kase he were a rebel, an' 'ferin' wid de King's jestis. 'Twarn't like you sees it now, kase menny ob de trees ben cut down, an' you ain't nuvver seed trees like dem was, kase dey had ben here ever sense de werld were made. An' de Injuns was hid all behine dem. Dat man fit an' fit, day arfter day, an' all dis here stream dat look so clar now, was runnin' red wid de blood, an' you see dem hummocks ober dar?"

"Yes."

"Dem's whar de Injuns was berried, by de hundreds an' thousands. An' look down at yer feet."

Tom looks down, and sees a lot of stones, apparently of regular size, though too large, he thinks, to play "jack-rocks" with.

"Pick up dat one, pinted at one een, an' squar at tuther."

Tom picks one up.

"Dem's Injun arrer-heds, an' sum ov dem is pizen. You sees fer yersef how menny is here still, an' dey was shot yers ago, an' de sky was black, an' de ground kivered, an' dey rattled 'pon de grun an' in de ar, like parched peas in a pan, big peas, an' a big pan 'twas. I has heerd dat dat was de openest, an' biggest, an' one ov

de las' fights dat dey had. An' de Injuns was put down fer a long time, an' de fokes tuk deir res' easier fer a spell. An' yit, de Guvner nuvver could understan' 'bout dat young man, an' always sed dat he were a rebel, an' couldn't 'bey no orders, an' sed dat he was gwine ter have him hung, ef he had cotched him 'fore he up an' died. Dough 'tis moughty easy fer fokes ter say what dey gwine ter do, when dey ain't got any mo' chanct ter do nothin'. But de Injuns was squelched, an' dat's what we was wantin'. Dey was squelched."

The old man, with a sigh of weariness and relief, seats himself beside the banks, and takes the bags off to rest his weary shoulders:

"When I was in dat war, I were younger dan I now is, an' I cud a kerried four o' dese here bags, an' glad 'nuff ter git de corn ter kerry. But ole age is now cropin 'pon me an' I'se mose like

> "'Po' Uncle Ned,
> Who had no teef ter eat corn cake,
> So he had ter let corn cake be.'

"But I suttenly gwine ter eat corn cake long's I kin. So let's keep a muvin'. Dat's de mill ober yonder, an' I pintedly is pleased ter feel dat I'se near dat journey's eend."

It makes a pretty picture. The mill on the bank of the stream, with the tall sweeping trees that overshadow it, with their long trailing branches shining in the waterway. A vision of peace, after the recital of cruel and bloody wars, to which its murmur lent a running accompaniment, but unheeded, long years ago.

The man that works the mill owns it, and takes a

great pride in his dusty calling. He is very cheerful, as he should be, leaning on such a supporting staff, as the "staff of life." For I know of nothing so calculated to give a sense of power as flour. Though Uncle Yorke's great strength and energy, as well as his white solid teeth, attest the efficacy of corn meal also.

Tom asks him, full of his recent experience, if he knows anything about Bacon's rebellion? but he declares that he couldn't say positively, as he was not then born, and never commits himself on hear-say.

"Uncle Yorke recollects a heap."

"Yes, but everybody can't recollect what Uncle Yorke does; I've heard of Uncle Yorke's recollections before. The only thing that I recollect is a good joke: Now can you tell me why a miller wears a white hat, Master Tom? A white hat?"

"Does he always? I see that you do."

"Always—and now what for?"

"Well," says Tom hesitating—"if he does"—and looks at Uncle Yorke, whose eyes twinkle.

"Did yer uver hear of a bar-heded miller?"

"No, I don't know—you are the first I ever saw; but then I don't know many millers."

"Well, then I suppose," says he, feeling his way and seeing no help from Uncle Yorke, "He—er—er—does it to keep the flour from spoiling a black one."

Uncle Yorke shakes his head disapprovingly.

"I 'spected dat you would a knowed dat, Mars' Tom, kase dem little chillen in Nose Arks axed dat riddle."

"You tell him, Uncle Yorke," says the jolly miller.

"Well, he war it ter keep his head warm." And the old man laughs heartily at Tom's annoyance.

"Pshaw, I knew that."

"Well, ef you knowed it, why didn't you say so? Dat won't go down, Mars' Tom.

"Now here's 'nudder. Maybe yer knows dis too.

"What make him war a hat a tall?"

"Well, of course—"

"Cose what, Mars' Tom?"

Tom fails to elucidate.

"Well, he war it ter keep his har frum turnin' white."

"Does it? I heard that wearing your hat in the house made you grow bald. Does it keep it from getting gray?"

"In cose, kase whar's all dat flour dust gwine?"

"Oh, pshaw, Uncle Yorke."

"Now here's another, Master Tom," says the miller, "I don't believe Uncle Yorke, even, knows this—

"When is a miller like a garden?"

"It's something about the flower, I'm certain, but I don't know what."

"Yes. When the flour's blowing all over him."

"That's a good one. Do you know any more?"

"I don't ask but three at a time. Now run out and play in the water, and get the dust out of your throat and eyes. And keep out of the mill-race."

Tom has a happy time waiting for the meal to be ground; fishing and wading around, thinking over Uncle Yorke's tales.

All his yarns sift down into Tom's mind and remain vivid, with a stability that resembles Uncle Yorke's ar-

bitrariness. And when Tom's curriculum at college is over, and Tom's diploma hangs on his fond father's wall, Tom could have stood a much better examination over Uncle Yorke's recollections, which are far more real to him than the facts as narrated by standard historians.

The meal is finally ground to Uncle Yorke's satisfaction, and he shoulders the bags for the return, sighing volubly over the toll mulcted by the miller.

"I hates ter see dat meal groun' frum de corn dat I dun raised mysef, go inter de jaws ov dat man. Sumtimes I thinks dat I had ruther pay de munny, an' den again I ain't got de munny. But I feels cumfertuble now, wid dis here nice warm meal dat I knows all 'bout, an' gwine home all safe."

When they arrive at the brow of the hill, below which Bloody Run still runs, he stops and eases his aching shoulders again; lighter though the sacks are by the toll.

Tom refuses to quench his thirst at the sparkling source, having a weird feeling that the water is still stained.

"Oh, Uncle Yorke, I couldn't! Over here the arrows fell like rain, and down there the water flowed red, and I seem to hear the groans of the dying in the sound of it now. Doesn't it sound sad to you?"

"Runnin' water allers has a kinder spell ter me, an' allers soun' sorrowful. Why it cums, an' how it cums, I dunno. But ef you mine, all dem "Cunjur" fokes has deir witch werk bruk, by jess layin' dem in runnin' water. You's heern ov dat I knows."

"Yes, I have. But why, Uncle Yorke?"

"I dunno chile, 'cept dat de Lord dun laid down his spell 'pon de water, an' you knows when de Truf shines, dat's white's black, an' black white. Oh, Lord, how long?"

This is an interjection frequently heard from the lips of negroes, and to Tom, apparently meaningless, but interpreted by after events.

"An' now, Mars' Tom, I'm gwine ter tell you, what you mought make a business ter reclects heresumarfter, dat only de Lord God Amighty cud made dat water run clar, arfter cumin thru de dut, an' de san, an' de muck, an' de ruts, an' clay ov de ground. It's like a po' sinner, parsing long thru de mire ov de werl. Fer nuthin' but de Lord's will cud fotch him out clean an' wholesum, arfter all dat mud dat mought sile him an' spile him."

They pursue their journey for awhile in silence. Tom is tired, and has a great deal to think of.

"Where did Bacon live, Uncle Yorke?"

"Well, dere's a house, an' a fine one, not so very fur down dat ribber, dat dey say he lived at. But de fokes whar libs dar now, dey ses dat dey don't bleve it, kase ef de facs was known, dat de Guvner possed him as a rubbul, an' ef 'twas his'n, dey wud have ter gin it up. An', bein' as I dun said, a fine lookin' house, dey don't warnt ter let loose. Dere's a menny reesuns dat fokes has, sides de ones dey gives out. An' it's a gitin' late, an' we mus' part at dat cornder."

"Goodbye, Uncle Yorke. I certainly have enjoyed myself."

"I knowed you would. An' I'm sorry dat you ain't got nuthin' ter put meal in, or I would gin you sum ter

kerry ter Mis' Car'line. But ef you cums down nex' Satterdy an' brings me a wheat biskit, I'm gwine ter bake yer a corn dodger what'll melt in yer mouf."

"All right, Uncle Yorke. And what else do you want?"

"What else does I want? Jess take de dicsionary chile, an' ef you sees enything dat enyboddy cud want, jess write my name long side ov it. But I'm glad fer sho', dat Bacon keeped de peace in my time, an' dat I got a piece o' Bacon fer ter keep de pot bilin'."

UNCLE YORKE'S 1812.

"UNCLE YORKE, if you know so much about the Revolution and General Washington, you are bound to know something about the war of 1812. Now, don't you?"

"Bound ter! Yes, I is bound ter. I bound you ain't got de fust idee how much I does know 'bout dat time. I aint so sure I didn't put de stop to dat war."

"You, Uncle Yorke? Tell us how and see if it agrees with what we have heard? If you were there you ought to know best."

"I was dar, an' as fer knowin'—what I don't know ain't wuth knowin'. I was dar, an' I dar anybody ter 'spute my werd."

"We aint going to, Uncle Yorke."

"When was you borned anyhow? Long time sense dat time? Well I was born long time fore dat time, an' had done got my senses tergether, an' waitin' fer a 'cassion ter exercise dem, an' I pintedly did.

"I had made up a trip down de ribber, an' was jess fixin' ter put de las of de cargo 'pon de boat, an one ov my frens cum 'long an' say:

" 'Uncle Yorke, does you know what you is 'rangin' fer?'

"I ought ter," says I, "kase I done ranged up an' down dis ribber more years dan you's got hars 'pon yer head.

" 'Well, so's you mought; but ef you carries out dem 'rangements dis time, hars or no hars, dis de las.' "

"You talks moughty brash. How you knows so much more'n udder fokes?

"I was cotched out o' doors dat time shore, kase I hadn't heerd nuthin', fer I had dun been off inter de woods fer a cupple ov munths, an' didn't 'form mysef ov nuthin' arfter I had cum back, jess hurryin' ter git dem pelfesses on de market 'fore de winter set in, an' here I was bein' 'structed by my gret-gran-chile, an' ef I hadn't seed dat de news he had was reel 'portant, by his face, I would ha' jess sot down 'pon him an' went on, but I had sense ter stop, an' well I did, fer 'twas ov de fust an' las' importunce ter me uv all de yearth.

"De British was on de pint uv cumin' up de ribber in de ships, an' dar I was, a target fer de fust. An' I knowed dat Mars' Codwallis was gwine ter bar a grudge 'ginst me fer de part I tuk in dat sword bizness. An' you may be shore dat I hustled dat boat back, an' den tuk 'pon mysef ter do what I had dun learned projectin' 'round wid Mars' Washingtum—I reconnoitered. Does yer know what dat means? Yer does. Well, 'bout dat time I heed a rustlin' mongst de bushes, an I gin one big whoop; an' I got behine de biggest tree dat I cud see, an' kep' gettin backwardser an' backwardser, twell I was consideruble distunce off, an' den I looked 'bout fer sumboddy to hope me; but I didn't fine noboddy, kase dey was all 'pon de same urran, an' lookin' out fer dey-seves. An' when I foun' de kerruge ter git back ter whar I started frum, all de ships was dun goned. De whoop dat I giv', or sumthin' else, had dun skeered dem off. An' ef I had a mine, I 'spec dat I cud git a pen-shun frum de guvment, fer de part dat I tuk in skeerin'

ov dem, an' anuther fer my widders an' orphuns, an' sen dem ter skule free. But I aint 'plied fer it yet, dough I keeps de noshun in de back uv my hed fer hard times."

"Did you uver go down ter dat Lamcastin (Lancastrian) skule, Mars' Tom?"

"No. What for? Why?"

"I jess axed ef yer uver bin dar. Dat's de place whar dey eggicates dem widders an' orfins o' dem eighteen hundred an' twelve men whar was kilt in de war. I went down dar wid Mars' Kearter fer ter kyar sum papers fer him, one day, when dey was holin' 'xaminashuns fer de Truskees. Dey was a likely lookin' little set o' chillen as uver you seed, an' dey all cumed furruds, wid deir fingers in de moufs, an' bobbed a kurchey, an' lookt mighty peart wid de little white apuns on.

"De teecher say ter one: 'Spell lady.'"

"La—lady."

"Spell baby."

"Ba—baby."

"Spell Mary."

"Ma—Mary."

"Spell butter."

"But—butter."

"I dunno 'xactly what was de matter, but de truskees larfed a sight 'bout it. Does you see anythin' 'miss 'bout dem werds?"

"Why, Uncle Yorke, they didn't spell but half of the word."

"Dat 'counts fer it den, kase Mars' Kearter allers

said when butter was scase at his house, 'Dis here's dat Lam-sum-casting skule butter—not harf 'nuff ter go 'round.' I nuvver did know what he meant 'fore dis day! Dat 'counts fer it! Well! well!

"My eggicashun ain't bin' much 'cept fer de use uv my eyes an' years. Dat piece dat you was reedin' ter de chillen' was 'bout much spellin' an' ritmetik as I cud hol':

"Ab—Ketch a crab!
Go—Let him go!
In—Ketch him gin!
1—2—3—Gib him ter me!"

"What was it about the sword business? Tell us!"

"Yer don't mean ter say dat you aint heerd 'bout dat? Pore ignurunt creeturs. What does yer ma an' pa sen' you ter skule fer? 'Cept ter get shet uv you, I don't see de good dat it do. But I aint got de time dis evenin'. Yer'll have ter wait, dough it shore is a pitty. But I dun promised ter kerry dis bundle fer Mis' Kurnel Kearter, an' I got ter hussel, kase I don't warnt ter cross by dat Cimetry, nor yit ter pass dat Bloody Run arfter dark."

"What have you got in the bundle, Uncle Yorke?"

"Lay overs, ter ketch meddlers."

"Well, where are you going?"

"I'm gwine whar I'm gwine, dat's whar."

UNCLE YORKE'S SURRENDER.

"AN WHAR did dey say dat de Revolutionary war 'gun?" They are still on the inexhaustible subject.

"Bunker Hill," suggests a little boy, uncertainly.

"Nor, not Bunkre's Hill—"

"Boston?"

"Nor—dat war 'gun on de decks ob a boat. Dey got ter 'sputin' 'bout whar ter put de tea, an' one ob um wanted ter put it in a deesh, an' de res' wanted ter put it in de tea pot, an' twixt dem, dey spilt all ob de tea, an' stamped on it an' trompled it, an' den 'twarn't fitten fer nare one ter drink, an' de whole kit an' bilin' had to be flung ober in de dock, an' twarn't deir owns tea no ways, but blonged ter King George, an' he warn't gwine ter stan' no sich impidence frum nobody, an' dat 'gun de war, ter my own sartain knowledge. An' tain't no use fer nare one ob you ter tell me nuthin' you heerd. Dat's de zact truf, kase I heerd 'bout it at de time, an' what you heers is jess heersay, an' eny Jedge of de Cote tell yer dat ain't no evidunce ob nuthin'. I warn't no eye witness, but I were ear witness.

"Now, dat Boston tea business always stumped me, kase enybody knowed dat a deesh warn't no fitten place ter put tea noways—dout dey was cats an' dogs—an' dough dey 'haved deirseves, mighty like dem animils, when dey gits deir spunk up, still dey couldn't lap—an' I knows—kase I done try, many an' many a time, an' so

has you, I speck. By de way, I sees you lookin' at dat dog an' werkin' yer mouf."

Tom laughs.

"An' I worn't de onliest one, whar cornsidered it foolish kind o' way fer grown fokes ter 'have deirseves, kase somebody done writ a song on de subjeck. I used ter sing it, but I done fergit all but one vers, but dat vers got de gist ob de matter in it."

"Sing it, Uncle Yorke. Never mind about just one verse. You can sing that over once or twice, and that'll be just as good."

For Uncle Yorke had a splendid voice once on a time, and still has many deep true notes, and his snatches of numbers of otherwise forgotton songs are of unfailing amusement to the listening boys.

"Oh! 'twas a foolish ting,
Fer a Parlament an' King,
Ter quarl about a deesh o' tea,
An' loose a Conteree."

"But as I was sayin'; dey fit an' dey fit, from Boston an' Bunker's Hill, up an' down de ribber; up de ribber, down de ribber, fer seben years—day an' night, dark an' light, sunshine an' shadder, foul an' far wedder—twell one day Mars' Genrul Washingtum was down on York Ribber an' cotch Mars' Lord Codwallis nappin', an' he grabbed him by de scruff ob de nake, an say:

"'Now you say "S'render," you little Monkey; an' ef I had knowed you warnt no bigger dan dat I'd a crep up on yer long time 'fore dis.'

"An' Lord Codwallis say 'S'render,' too, fas' 'nuff; but when Mars' Washingtum say in a voice like thunder:

(an' I were glad dat he warnt 'dressin hissef ter me.) 'Take off dat sword, yer pizen rascal, an' han' it here,' he didn't want ter do it; an' I don't blame him, kase dat handle ob dat sword was jess kivered wid dimons, an' pearls, an' rubies, all 'long down de blade, an' he clap his han close, like he was gwine ter 'spute 'bout it. An' Mars' Washingtum gin me a glance, an' I stepped up a mite nigher, an' was jess waitin' fer a werd frum Mars' Washingtum, fer ter take him by his hine leg, slim, spindly little creeter dat he was, an' fling him crost de millpond, but Mars' Washingtum say, squeezin' his goozle little harder:

"'Gimme dat sword, or I show you which side's Cod an which side's Wallis.'

"An' den he gin it up, peaceful, ef not pleasful. An' den Mars' Washingtum han' me de sword, an say: 'Uncle Yorke, take dat sword on home wid you, an' wait twell I cum, kase I knows you wants ter 'joy yer Forth July.' An' I tuk it and cumed on home, an' 'joyed de Forth in de usual way, ob sellin' 'simmon beer an' ginger horsecakes up an' down de hill, outside de Captul Squar. An' when I 'livered up dat sword ter Mars' Genrul, he gin me a Eagle—"

"An Eagle, Uncle Yorke?"

"Yes, a Eagle."

"Where did he get it?"

"What did you want with it?"

"Did you want an Eagle?"

"Course I wanted it."

"What did you do with it?"

"Wasn't it a funny thing to give you?"

"Now, you's talkin' 'bout one thing an' I'se talkin' 'bout nuther. I didn't ha' no manner o' use fer a flyin' Eagle—but dis one flew, too," and he sighs and laughs at the same time.

"What was it, Uncle Yorke?"

"De Eagle dat he gin me was a ten dollar gole piece. An' I specs dem sort o' burds was plentifuller den, dan dey is now; kase I don't heer nobody talkin' so free 'bout Eagles, as dey did den—an' dat's de fust—an' dat's de las' I has had my hans on. An' I kep' it sewed in my galluses fer—I dunno how long, but de times was hard, an' dat Eagle had ter take his flight plum out o' sight; an' he ain't cum back no more, bringin' his kinfokes wid him.

"A ten-dollar gole piece soun' mighty big, but it didn't 'gree wid my notions ov Mars' Ginerul's freehandedness —kase dat sword was a powerful 'sponsibility fer a pore nigger, an' I warn't nuthin' but a pore nigger at de bes'; an' I mought ha' run off wid dat sword, and de price ov dat sword would ha' set me up fer a long life; an' stid 'o dat, here I is bakin' ash cake by de fire, an' fryin' feesh, where I has ter ketch outen de ribber wid my own hans, an' den cook dem by de fire dat I makes my own sef an' den set down an' eat dem by my lone sef—dout you call a dog cumpny."

"But Uncle Yorke, you don't need to live by yourself. I heard you say that you had a daughter somewhere?"

"Yes, I has, an' she would be moughty glad fer me ter stay wid her, an' moughtier glad fer ter cum an' stay wid me. But I done built dat house mysef, an' I gwine ter lib an' die in dat house by mysef, an' I don't want no-

body livin' in dat house, kase I don't want nobody dyin' in dat house; ter have deir hants trompin 'round arfter me when I ain't lookin' fer dem, an' keepin' my mine stirred up, lookin fer dem, when I don't see um. An' I gwine ter lib, an' I gwine ter die in dat house by mysef, kase I ain't nuvver heerd ov nobody's own speret hantin' dem. Has you?"

"Do you believe in ghosts, Uncle Yorke?"

"Does I b'lives in ghoses? Yes, I does mo' dan b'lives in dem; I knows in dem. An' 'taint no use fer you ter ax no mo' questions on dat subjec, Mars' Tom, kase Mis' Carline aint gwine ter like it, ef I tells you all I knows."

"Uncle Yorke," says a little boy, "didn't they fight anywhere except on the river banks?"

"No whars else, chile, kase de places dey was fightin' fer was all 'long sides de ribber. You see, twas dis way: de fokes was feared ob gittin' loss, ef dey went out into de wilderness, an' so dey jess built all 'long whar dey knowed whar dey was, an' den ef dey got flustrated or skeered, dey could jess roll up deir duds an' take ter de boats in de night time, an' go on out wid de tide; an' dey knowed dat would swim straight on ter de ocean, an' when dey got dar dey knowed dat dey had only ter go straight crost, ter git ter whar dey cumed frum. You see, now, fokes had sense 'fore you was born, an' all de brains ov de world aint jess waited ter be bailed out fer you."

"Uncle Yorke," says a boy slowly, who has been hesitating a good while, and has, at last, resolved to take his life in his own hands. "My History doesn't say that the surrender of Lord Cornwallis took place on the Fourth of July—"

"Your Histry! Your Histry don't say so," repeats the old man scornfully. "Den dat Histry got sum reesun ob its own fer 'spressin' ob de truf. An' whar was I? An' whar was you at dat time? Haint I jess been tellin' Mars' Tom 'bout de 'nitials on dat tum stun? An' here cum 'long sumbody whar warnt dar, nor likely ter be dar, an' 'sputin de werds ob a gentleman whar was dar, an' in the thickset ov de fight. An' yer knows ef I was white dat 'twould be much's your life's wuth ter say so ter my face. An' now, clar out! De las' one uv you! An' don't yer nebber cum here no mo', kase I aint gwine ter have mysef 'sulted no mo' by a passel ov little low-lifed creeters sich as you. Clar out, dis time! An' fer good an' all.

"Ef I is black, I aint no plum puddin fer ter be kivered wid sass. Now you heers me: Clar right out."

THE EASTERN SHORE.

"I STOP'T talkin'," resumed Uncle Yorke the day after, "'bout Mars' Wise, kase dey lived ober 'pon dat Eastern Sho', an' I knowed ef dat I onct started 'pon dat Eastern Sho', dat I warnt gwine ter stop twell spang midnight, er plum day brek."

"Well, Uncle Yorke, you've got plenty of time this evening. Tell us now. What was the matter about the Eastern Shore?"

"Nuthin' de matter. Dat Eastern Sho' de heart o' de werld. An' I say so, an' I aint feard dat enybody dat knows it, aint gwine ter bar out dat 'sertshun. Dat Eastern Sho' de heart o' de werld.

"You jess got ter scuffle fer a little bred ter eat, an' bred aint no hardships, dar or enywhars else. But jess git de bred; an' you kin lay down ov nights in peace ter sleep, an' when you wakes up in de mornin', de fat ob de lan' is all spred out before yer; yer jess got ter git up. All you got ter do, is ter git up, an' tek hold, 'fore de next tide cum in. Hit's de place fer de lame an' de lazy, fer sho'. All 'long dat sho', strowed wid clams, crabs, pennywunkles, shrumps, ter pick an' choose. All you got ter do, is ter mek up yer mines, of yer likes dem bes', raw or cookt. Ef yer likes dem cookt, dars driftwood 'nuff, 'pon dat sho', ter cook all you wants, 'dout sturbin' ner sturrin' nuther step.

"Den you jess got ter drap a line, an' feesh, fresh an' salt, dar, waitin' ter bite, an' leetle feyther, off de sho' Oshters fer de grabblin'. An' dey is oshters! You

dunno what oshters is, yer jess think yer do, ef yer aint nuvver eat dem fresh outen de salt water. It mek me hongry ter talk 'bout dem.

"An' all up in de reeds o' dat Chespeek bay de wile geeses nesses. An' I dun seed dat bay kivered, menny o' times wid kanvis back an' summer ducks twell you couldn't mek out whether dey was 'pon de water er de dry lan'. Summer ducks too pritty ter eat, good as dey tasses; wid de red an' de blue, an' de green an' de white, an' de black fethers; painted 'pon him like a picture. But de res' o' de wile ducks aint fitten ter eat, kase dey's feeshy. I dunno what mek dat go 'ginst dem, kase feesh good nuff in de right place, an' its my business ter know. But enything dat tasses like dem aint fitten ter eat. Its jess like dese here harf-stariners; it's all put on, an' aint de reel stuff, an' enything dats make-believe aint nuvver wholsum. Sour things mighty good, but enything dat ought ter be sweet, an' turn sour, aint good. Why so? Fine a reesun. I dun found one, but maybe dat aint krect.

"Dars tarrapin, too. Tarrapin stew mighty sarched-fer desh, ober dar. Dough tarrapin stew like rock soup —its what yer puts in it dat make rock soup good, an' dat what make tarrapin stew good, too, kase you don't tasses no tarrapin."

"What is rock soup, Uncle Yorke?"

"Well, onct 'pon a time, a man cum trompin' 'long beggin', an' he tole a 'oman dat ef she'd gin him a dinner, dat he'd sho' her how ter make sumthin' outen nuthin'. An' he called ov it rock soup, he sed dat he dun heered dat she was one de bes' houskeepers 'bout

dar, an' dat uverybody cumed ter her to git good receeps, an' dat he knowed dat she would like ter know sumthin' dat nare nuther 'oman in de country knewed, an' so on, an' kept up dis heer kine o' flutterin' talk, twell she 'greed.

"Den he went out, an' after lookin' 'roun considerable, he fotched in a tollerable sized rock. He had dun tole her ter put on de pot ter bile, an' have de water needer too warm nor too cole, but jess right.

"When he fotched in de rock, she seed dat it warnt no 'tickler kine o' rock; dat dar was plenty dem 'bout dar, an' he sed dat she mought thank her stars den, for dat heresumarfter, dat he knowed she warnt nuver gwine ter eat no nuther kine o' soup but rock soup.

"Den he tole her ter chop up fine sum inguns, an' one after nuther, sum pritty neerly uvery vegetable in de gyardin, an sum cole bits o' meat, jess 'leff-overs', he say, an' den he felt ov de water, an' den put de rock in keerfully, an' tole her always to be pertickler 'bout de way she put de rock in. An' he put in a piece o' briled middlin' ter giv' a rullish; an' one arfter nuther, de rest o' 'gredgence—spices, vegutubbles an sech. An' den he stept out an' chopt wood fer a while. An' when he cum in, he sed dat de soup was dun. An' she tuk de pot offen de fire, an' he ladled up a bit fer her ter tase, an' by dat time she were reely hongry, an' de soup tase good, sho' nuff. An' she went on dippin' twell she cum ter de rock, an' she sed:

"'Hi! Dis heer rock's hard as uver."

"In corse, madam, but de juice dun all biled out it in de soup, you 'low, yourself, dat dat soup's good?"

" 'Yes, but what must I do wid de rock?' "

"Well, jess keep it, arfter you dun washed it, ter go by in yer sarch for rocks, when you wanted ter gether them.' An' she 'low dat 'twas sure' nuff good, an' she was moughty 'bleeged ter him. An' she went on bilin' rocks in de soup, an' ruccmmendin' ov it ter her frens, twell one day she forgot ter put in de rock, an' dey sed dey didn't see no diffrunce. An' it cum inter her mine dat dat rock warnt no nessary 'gredunt, no ways, an' she tuk one ov dem an' washt it, an' sot it pon de shef in de porch, fer ter let him have it 'longsides his hed whenuver he cumed her way 'gin; But he nuver cum dat way no mo', an' dat rock's settin' up dar yet, wid all de juce biled out it. Dat's tarrapin. An' I dunno ef I hadn't jess leeve take de 'gredunts ov tarrapin stew an' eat dem seprit, 'speshully de sugar, an' de wine, an' de brandy.

"Den 'bout dem leetle wile ducks: onct Mars' Frank tuk his gun an' went out huntin', he sed, an' when he cum back, he lookt 'long sides de road fer sumthin' ter shoot, ter make his werd cum true, an' de only thing dat he seed was a leetle duck, an' was 'bleedged ter shoot it. An' he brung it hum, an' when Mis' Elviry seed him, she say: 'What luck?'

"An' he say; 'I shot a duck. Game skeerce.'

" 'Whar it?' she says.

" 'Out dar 'pon dat shef,' pintin' ter a shef dat was nailed high up 'round a tree, ter keep de dogs frum gittin' de game.

"An' she lookt out de winder, an' seed a duck hed hangin' down, an' sed no mo'.

"Nex' day, when Marm Betsey cum ter git out dinner, Mis' Elviry put a whole lot er bred an' butter in de pan 'dout sayin' enything.

"Marm Betsy say: 'Mis' 'Viry, what all dis here bred fer?'

"An' Mis' 'Viry say: 'Yer Marster kilt a duck yestiddy an' dat's fer de stuffin'.'

" 'Has you seed dat duck, Mis' 'Viry?'

" 'Yes,' says Mis' 'Viry, 'it's out dar 'pon de shef, an' ef you had been 'tendin' ter yer business properly, you would a had dat duck all reddy ter bake.' You knows well's I do, how long it take ter fix a duck nice.'

"Marm Betsey take a long look at de duck.

" 'Does you want dat duck pickt fer dinner?'

" 'In cose I does. An' you hurry 'bout it, an' don't say nare 'nuther werd, needer.'

An' Marm Betsey jess draw down her mouf, an' went out, kase Marm Betsey didn't like noboddy findin' no fault o' her.

"When dey sot down ter dinner, dar was a nice lookin' deesh sot 'fore Mis' 'Elviry, an she sed:

" 'Have duck?'

"An' Mars' Frank lookt up suddint, an' say:

" 'Whar dat duck cum frum?'

" 'Why, Frank, you kilt it yersef yestiddy. Will you have sum ter eat, terday?'

" 'No, marm, thank you; not eny, if I knows it!'

"An' Mis' Elviry parst on ter de chillen, an' one sed 'Yessum,' an' Mis' Elviry 'gun ter carve de fowl, but when she stuck de knife in it, it all fell ter pieces in de deesh.

"'Why,' sed she, 'dis heer's nuthin' but stuffin'. Whar de duck, 'Jeames?" ter de butler.

"'I dunno, Marm,' Jeames sed snickerin'.

"Mis' Elviry was gittin' mad den, kase dey was all snickerin' round de table, an' Mis' Elviry couldn't bar fer nobody ter laugh at her.

"'Step out ter de kitchin, den, an' ax Marm Betsey ter step here.'

"Marm Betsey stepped dar.

"Mis' Elviry say: 'I don't unnerrstan' dis here matter, Marm Betsey. I don't see no duck.'

"'De duck's all dar,' sed Marm Betsey.

"'Whar?' sed Mis' 'Viry.

"'In de deesh.'

"'Whar?' sed Mis' Elviry. 'I don't see no duck,' an' by dis time Mis' 'Viry's eyes was gittin' big nuff ter flash lightnin', an Marm Betsey sed dat de time ter fool was gin out, an' she sed: 'Dar 'tis in de deesh,' an' tuk a fork an' speared from behinst de stuffin', a leetle, teensy animil, 'bout size yer two thums; not a mite bigger. Duck it was, wid arms an' legs, same's yether ducks, but so tuff dat it couldn't be cut wid a knife, an' so feeshy dat noboddy under de sun could eat it, ef it had been big nuff ter eat. I bleeve in my soul dat duck swum 'roun Nose Arks.

"Marm Betsey said, when dey had dun stopt larfin' at Mis' Elviry an' de duck, dat Mis' had tolt her ter hole her tongue, an' not ter open her mouf no mo' 'bout de duck, an' she had dun stuft an' fixt it 'cordin' ter orders, an' ef enyboddy was ter blame 'bout dat duck, 'twarnt her. An' dey all larfed so, dat Mis' 'Viry had

ter larf, too, an' oberlook de impidence. An' Mars' Frank calt her 'Duckie' fer uver afterwuds.

"Den dars 'possums ober dar. An' on frosty nights dey hangs 'pon de 'simmun trees most thick as de 'simmuns."

"Oh! Uncle Yorke, you promised me some time to take me 'possum hunting. Are you ever going to do it?"

"I dun promist, aint I?"

"Yes."

"Well, you's gwine on dat hunt den, sho' as dere's 'possums ter eat 'simmuns."

"When? Uncle Yorke, when?"

"Now you's cumin' neer by. When you's big nuff, an' ole nuff, an' you kin cum down on de buthday nights an' let me know how you's gittin' 'long.

"But you is too ventersum, Mars' Tom, kase ef I didn't pay no mo' 'tention ter you, dan you does ter me, what yer 'spose would a cumed ov you by now? You would a bin loss, drownded an' murdered more'n a duzzen times alreddy, ter my sartin' knowledge.

"Now tell me; how offen you dun bin reskied frum under de horses' heels?

"How menny times yon fell out de boat dar?

"How offen you bin hauled outen dat water, when you went feeshin?

"How menny times you bin on dat ice 'fore it friz?

"How menny times tree lims dun bruk wid you?

"Who was it went trabbellin' an' tech de ingine too clost?

"Who fell down dat empty house?

"Who was it warnted to fite, kase dey pult his hyar,

when dey drugged him outen de mill-race, when he was gwine down hed fo' most?"

To all of these offenses Tom pleads conviction.

"Ef you giv' so much trubble in de day time; how I gwine ter look arfter you in de dark?"

"Bnt they were just accidents, Uncle Yorke."

"Maybe dey wus, an' maybe dey wusn't. But enyways, you got ter git outen de habit o' accidents, when you looks ter me ter ketch holt ov you in de night seesom.

"But hish 'bout huntin', kase I'm mined now ter finish up 'bout dat Eastern Sho', in one breth, kase ef I goes on 'bout it much longer, I got ter pack up an' crost ober. Chile! Chile! when I thinks o' all dem rabbits, an' birds, an' partridges, an' fesants, an' de rest o' dem 'chicken-fixins,' I won't warnt ter put up no longer wid 'commun doings.'

"An' talkin' 'bout Nose Arks—all dem fokes ober dar got boats o' deir own, hisn an' hern, an its jess like a picnic all de time. When you aint gwine ter clam bakes yer gwine ter oshter roases er feesh frys, 'cordin' ter de seesom, an' when dat time go by, dey's trottin backwuds and forwuds ter dinner parties. An' as all dem fokes, white and cullerd, carn't git nuthin' better in de wide werld dan jess what dey has alreddy got, dat de waves wash up ter der feet, dey puts all deir strengt in de cookin', an' sech cookin'! Chile! Chile! When dey goes visitin' 'bout de country, de fokes got ter put deir heds tergether, fer ter give dem a nice time, sum yether ways dan eatin'.

"An' den, arfter all dat's dun an' sed in de upper part

de sho' is all dem little Chingoteague ponies. Dat would be a nice place fer you ter go, Mars' Tom. Ponies runin' wile."

"How did they get there."

"I dunno, chile. Dey was dar when I got dar. An' I'se hoped at menny a 'round-up.' "

"What is 'round-up ?' "

"When dey drives dem down ter mark an' ter sell dem, an' ter count dem. Dey is de cutest little creturs, in de werld, an' dey aint nuver reel tame, kase dey's wile ter de bone. But dey is a pritty sight ter see, hard-hedded as dey is. An' I jess well stop now. I aint gwine ter sleep a wink all night long. I'm gwine ter be tarin' up an' down dat Eastern sho', twell de sun rise, as it is, ! Ober dar ! ober dar !

"Onct Mars' Frank was in Washingtum an' 'vited a fren, offhan like, ter cum ober ter an oshter roas, an' sumwhar 'long in October, de fren cum. An' dey met him at de boat an' dey kerried him strait home, an' dey had a dinner party dat day, an' dey laid deirseves out, ter tell de new man all de ole jokes dat was warin' out 'mongst dem, an' he never heerin' dem 'fore, 'joyed dem moughtily. An' de nex' day, dey tuk him to an oshter roas, down 'pon de beech, an' had fiddlers an' uverything dat could make de time fly. An' nex' day dey tuk him huntin', an' brung down mo' burds dan he uvver thought flew in de skies. An' next day, he sed dat he mus' go home.

"Now de fall ob de year dar is de best part ob de bes part de year. De trees look like dey was painted ter

order, an' de sun sets ter match de trees, an' de water looks like bofe put tergedder.

"'De place whar seein' is fer seein',
Whar bein' is fer bein';
Whar livin' is fer livin',
Whar givin' is fer givin';
Whar de wust dey got's de bes',
Whar de weary need no res',
An' yer jest as well ter say,
When you lives 'pon dat bay,
De whole, de live-long year
One year-long Crismus day.'

"An' dey axed was he sick, kase ef he was, dat was de place ter be sick.

"'No, he warnt sick.'

"'Had he heerd bad news?'

"'No, he hadn't heerd no bad news.'

"'Had enyboddy dun been rude ter him, unbeknownst?'"

"'No, noboddy haint dun nuthin' but be too p'lite, ef eny fault was ter be foun'; dat he hadn't nuver 'magined no sech nice fokes in de werld.

"'But he was gwine, kase he sed dat ef he staid dar, dat he warnt nuver gwine ter be satterfied no whars else, an' he had reesuns fer livin' 'long his own fokes; dat his pa was ole an' cudn't spar him, an' he was 'bleeged ter say good bye fer his own sake.' An' he aint de onliest one, needer.

"Dats whar yer Unc' Yorke's mine was make up. 'Ober dar!'"

TOM'S 'POSSUM HUNT.

"Father!" cries Tom, rushing in, wildly excited, "Unc' Yorke says he thinks I'm big enough to go 'possum hunting. Can I go?"

"If Uncle Yorke thinks so, you must be. I must confess that I'm no judge of a coon's age. Yes—you can go. But you'll have to mind Ps and Qs with Uncle Yorke; and if you don't like the way Uncle Yorke does, you need not come complaining to me. Now, you understand? You go on your own responsibility?"

"All right!" and the delighted boy darts off.

All day long, Tom is the cynosure of all eyes. For the nursery at the big house; for the little darkies at the quarters.

"Hits a mighty faver fer Unc' Yorke ter take you," says one, envyingly, "taint everybody Unc' Yorke thinks fitten to go along o' him."

"Now," says Uncle Yorke, after the dogs were ready, while two other darkies stand waiting for the last instructions, (Uncle Yorke, like a skillful general, gives all necessary information beforehand, so that at the moment of action, the hand will be at the trigger.) "Now, Mars' Tom, you'se not only got ter mine every word what I say, but you got ter mine what yer says yerself. I wants you ter understan' fore you starts."

"I know I'll mind; I promise."

"Den, here we goes! Furruds, boys!"

It is a bright, bright night. The little boy, who has

never been out at night before, is astonished to see how brightly the moon can shine.

He walks proudly along beside the old negro, who, every now and then shakes his head and mutters; whether for some occult reason of his own, or to impress the importance of the occasion on the little boy, no one can explain. It is not given the Anglo Saxon mind to explore the vagaries of the African brain.

"Now, Sam," says Uncle Yorke at a crossing, "you all take dem dogs an go on furruds a little piece, an when you comes ter Mr. Wilson's plantation fence, jess stop, an wait dar for me. I'm gwine de short cut."

As the bushes blow hither and thither in the moonlight and small gusts of wind sweep along the ridges; at the fork of the road Tom sees something white—perhaps the white underside of some big leaves as the wind tosses the branch up and down.

"What's that!!!" he says aloud.

Uncle Yorke stops short and puts both fingers in his mouth, and gives the recalling whistle.

"What's the matter, Uncle Yorke?"

"Matter nuff," responds Uncle Yorke, gloomily.

"Let's go on, what are you waiting for?"

"Taint no use gwine no further, Mars' Tom, you'se dun bruk de luck."

"Oh, Uncle Yorke! How? Why? Let's go on."

"Taint no manner o' use," says the old man, stolidly and dispassionately, as if he did not see Tom's eyes, brimming over with tears, which the little boy vainly endeavors to hide. And only shakes his head at Tom's earnest entreaties.

The assistants, with the dogs, make their appearance, and being used to Uncle Yorke's tyranny, dare not open their mouths and are only partially astonished, though they are plainly disappointed; but nothing can equal Tom's chagrin.

"What did I do? Uncle Yorke—I won't do it anymore."

"'Twarn't necessary to do nothin'."

"What did I say?"

"Now, Mars' Tom, you'se overly young, enyways, an' I might ha' knowed it. I'm gwine ter tell you—yer mustn't, when you sees anything remarkble, you musn't jess say, right out: 'What's that?' like you did."

"Oh, Uncle Yorke! Why?"

"Kase yer mustn't."

"What ought I to say then?" asks the subdued boy, "when I didn't know what it was?"

"Dat's jess it, jess it. Yer didn't know. When yer sees enything, an' yer dunno what it is, yer mustn't say right out, 'What's dat?' an' on de forks ob de road, too; it's agin luck."

"What must I say then, next time?" as he realizes that there is no appeal from inexorable fate.

"Ef yer sees enything remarkble, yer mustn't take no notice right off, an' right off so; but jess say, easy like dis: "Less go round de udder way." I had dun turned off one way, kase I didn't want ter spint yer, an' when I sees dat second warnin', I warn't gwine ter take no chances ov breaking yer neck."

"But it wasn't anything remarkable, was it?" says the bewildered boy.

"Dat's jess it—jess it. But yer must know—here as well as de nex time, dat I ain't gwine ter take nobody out at nights wid me, 'possum huntin', nor nowhars else, dat don't know how ter keep his mouf shet."

This advice is directed to Sam and Joe, as well as Tom, and forms part of their training.

And it was a whole year before Uncle Yorke tried Tom's nerves again.

And Tom doesn't understand to this day what harm he did.

For I'm Tom.

Unless it occurs to me at this moment, for the first time, that Uncle Yorke thought that I had really seen what he called a "hant."

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS,

OR

MISSY AND SPICY ANN.

"EVELYN," says my Aunt Ruth, "I am going to send you over to your Aunt Winnie's on Monday. She said something about you staying a fortnight, but as Colin has to go to the depot on Saturday, he will call by, and if you want to come back then, you can come with him. Don't say how long you expect to stay, and they certainly will not ask you. But I expect that you will come home with Colin, anyway."

"But why, Aunt Ruth?"

"Perhaps I had better not prejudice you before you go."

"I don t see why I should not have my visit out. Of course, I love to be with you, but Father speaks so affectionately of Aunt Winnie, and I like her myself, and I like Florrie and cousin Ocie. These are all that I have met."

"Yes," she says, pursing up her mouth, "but neither you, nor your father have ever seen Missy."

"What is the matter with Missy? What does she do?"

"I staid there two days last fall, and it would take two days to tell you what she did do. But, maybe, she has improved. At all events, she couldn't be worse. As your father would like you to stay—stay if you can."

"She hasn't improved, Mother," says Colin, coming

in, and seating himself, with the evident intention of enlightening me as to my relative.

"I positively forbid you to say one word, Colin. Whatever she did, she won't do it over again, to do Missy justice, she never repeats herself. Evelyn must try to get along with her as patiently as she can, and I shall consider it a great triumph, if she stays the two weeks out."

"I shall certainly be there on Saturday, Evelyn, and find out the survival of the fittest."

But Aunt Ruth tells me enough to gather some idea of them, partly, to prevent my asking unfortunate questions, or making untimely remarks.

They are rather a peculiar family in some respects. As may be said of most country families, who do not have their raw edges rubbed off by contact with strangers. But also, it preserves individuality. So I suppose the matter as broad as it is long. There are advantages either way.

The three boys are named after Indian chieftains, Powhatan, Logan, Oceola. The three girls after states, Indiana, Florida, Missouri. They are none of them in the least alike in any quality, so much unlike that you would not take one to be the relation of the other. From every shade of brunette to the fairest Saxon type, do they range. Missouri, or Missy, as she is called, finishing up with lint white locks.

I suppose they are fond of each other, but they are naturally undemonstrative, and from being educated in different schools and colleges, have different manners, and widely differing views on most subjects.

It seems that Uncle Hugh sent the oldest boy to college. Immediately after his graduation, and with honors, he married the daughter of an overseer. This levelling propensity, Uncle Hugh professes to attribute to his mode of education. So he sent the next to a rival Institution. Since the second son refuses to marry to suit him, or to marry at all, he finds that the curriculum of that runs not to his fancy either. So Ocie is to be sent to a third. As yet, he is not old enough. I do not know if Uncle Hugh will approve of him, either. I like him immensely, myself, though this state of my mind is kept to myself.

The oldest, Powhatan, is, I am told, entirely delightful, but as his wife is received very coldly at home, so coldly, indeed, that they generally prefer the warmth of their own fireside. The family naturally resent the introduction of this impossible woman, of whom no best is to be made, and Powhatan resents their resentment.

However, he does not come during my visit.

He is, moreover, independent of his father, and the plantation itself reverts to him, so he can be as high and mighty as he chooses.

The girls' mode of education is also varied; but as Uncle Hugh considers education for women, rather as a luxury than a necessity, he would have just as lief had them go to the same school, but for the fact that he prefers to be "contrairy," though that is not the word he uses. In fact, if one thinks about the matter, they are all somewhat spoiled. Aunt Winnie being good herself, and unsuspicious, and allowing for human nature; and Uncle Hugh, though stern enough to faults, only

punishes when they are caught, in flagrante delicto. As he is much occupied, much escapes him.

As they come, a boy and then a girl, they are not by reason of age, companions. But they all unite in being perfectly devoted to Missy, who coming some seven years after Ocie, and though now about seven or eight years of age, is considered still, and treated as a very baby.

Her acquaintance I make in the following manner:

I get there late at night, and find all the grown people awaiting me. Missy, having fallen asleep with her clothes on, and nobody daring to awaken her, she has been consigned to bed in her wearing apparel, after anxious consultation on the advisability of letting her remain on the sofa.

But Logan, who seems to be as fearless as his namesake, though of a merrier countenance, lifts her, unaroused, on to her own bed, and everybody heaves a sigh of the deepest and most profound satisfaction.

Next morning, however, I am aroused by a succession of ear-piercing yells.

I am frightened, and shrink down under the bedclothes, for the Indian names and associations have induced rather unpleasing dreams, and the awakening seems simply a continuation.

Cousin Florrie moves, and I raise my head. She merely opens one eye, and then shuts it calmly, totally undisturbed.

I ask in a whisper:

"What is it? Oh, what can it be?"

"Just Missy."

"What are they doing to her? Has she hurt herself? Oh, why don't you go and see?"

"I suppose that she wants something that she can't get. I am sure that she is not hurt. What does Missy want, Mira?" she asks of a maid coming in.

"She want ter put on her Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes, and Mis' won't let her."

Then comes an interval between the screams, and I hear expostulating tones, then more shrieks—then intervals—then more shrieks, which finally subside.

"I suppose she has got what she wanted, she generally does," laughs Florrie.

"I shouldn't think Uncle Hugh would want her to do that way, I say," wondering what my father would find possible, under the circumstances.

"Father," says Florrie. "Father is a mile off, looking after the corn and the cotton."

When we go down to breakfast, she evidently has the clothes on. For she is dressed in a low-necked pink muslin, with short puffed sleeves, looped with gold armlets, and a gold chain around her neck, white socks, and ancle-tied slippers.

I had heard she was pretty, but now her eyes are swollen, her face red and white in spots, and she is still sulky. She lets me kiss her, as we are bid, but she does not return the salute, and when I know her better I am surprised that I escape so easily.

Behind her stands a little darkey, a year or two older than she is, called Spicy Ann, and generally shortened into Spicann. She is Mammy's child, and Missy's maid, given to her at her birth, and destined to share her life

for better or worse. Instead of regarding this as an affliction, Spicy Ann looks upon herself as favored; and to do Missy justice, she shields Spicy Ann on most occasions. Spicy Ann is black, very black, and proves to be one of the most silent persons I have ever seen. It is a very unusual trait for a colored person. It may be the reason that she has escaped with her life so far, for Missy's intervention only extends to a foreign interference; her own jurisdiction is arbitrary.

Spicy Ann may have on other garments, but if so, they are all hid by a long sleeved apron, coming down to her heels. She is barefoot, and stands always, or nearly always, just behind Missy; she looks like a dark shadow in high relief.

After breakfast Aunt Winnie ties on a wide "Flat" and a little linen cape, to shield Missy's bare arms, and sends us out to play.

I am a year or two older that Missy, but here let me state, that I do not live in the country; in fact, it is my first visit to my relations, and a great many things, that I do so stupidly, is because I really do not know any better until it is all over.

This is a very handsome old place, and the lawn is a marvel of beauty, with grand, magnificent patriarchs of trees near the house, in whose shade we are standing very uncomfortably. I am very shy, as well as somewhat afraid of Missy, remembering the Commanche yells of the morning. Missy has not yet said one word to me, any more than if she were dumb.

"Let us walk in the garden," I say at last, as I see a

gate and a rose vine clambering over it, and I am passionately fond of flowers.

"We can't go anywhere until Spicann finishes her breakfast," she says positively. "Spicann, are you most done?" she lifts up her voice and calls.

Spicy Ann is sitting in full view, in the door of the kitchen, and not so far away that an ordinary tone of voice would not have reached her, but Missy bawls as if she were miles.

Spicy Ann answers back with her mouth full:

"Mos'," and takes the plate out of her lap, from which she has been sopping "dripping" with hunks of corn bread, and sets it down on the ground, for a skinny specimen of a kitten to finish.

"What makes your little cat so thin?"

"Summer cats ain't nuver fat," is the sententious answer.

Missy stands first on one foot, and then the other, staring at me in a most uncomfortable and embarrassing way, her eyes asking all manner of questions, that she does not, however, put into words. I feel that she is a most uncanny child.

Spicy Ann comes, swallowing the last unctuous mouthful on the way.

Without saying one word, they commence, by giving the most rapid glances around up and down, and then saying:

"Come on," to me; they run to the well, which is just behind the kitchen.

I follow, and reach the well a little while after they do. They seem to be entirely "en rapport" a sort of

mind-twin is Spicy Ann; for very seldom, in my presence, does Missy say what she is going to do, or they have a concert of action prepared before I join them.

I never know.

When Missy says "Come on," Spicy Ann flies along without any question as to where, how, or what.

The well is an old-fashioned one, with a long pole, weighted with disabled plow-points on one end, and a big bucket on the other. They manage, by extreme exertion to get this down to the water, and haul it up and down three or four times, with imminent risk of drowning; with what object I fail to see, until I hear a crash of glass, and then they let the sweep fly out of their hands with such violence, that the bucket breaks off, and falls down into the water with a terrific splash, at which they flee, and at a distance beckon to me to come on, as I stand bewildered where they have left me, at a loss to account for the necessity of previous action and sudden flight.

"Come on," calls Missy, in a kind of half suppressed voice. "Run."

I run.

They then run on in front of me a little way, then stop, and run again, and at every halt call on me to "Come on."

I am getting tired of the checkered race, when they stop until I join them, and each takes a hand of mine and turning down a long path, that seems to have no end, they drag me between them, and do not stop until they are fully half a mile from the water scape.

Then they pause, breathless, and sit down in the cor-

ner of the fence on the grass, and Missy takes off her hat and fans herself vigorously, and Spicy Ann manipulates her slat bonnet to serve the same purpose.

"Why didn't you go back to the house and tell somebody to fix that well," I begin.

Missy interrupts.

"Oh, you mustn't tell. It will be real mean if you tell, won't it Spicann?"

Spicy Ann nods.

"Of course I won't tell on you," I say indignantly.

"Cross your heart?"

"No," I say. "I said I won't tell, and I won't, but—"

"Spicann, where did the hands go to work this morning?"

"In de low gruns."

"Well, let's go then."

Spicy Ann jumps up, not to go to any low grounds, as one might suppose, from the remarks, but to some entirely different location.

They cross the road, climb a fence, and walk along a narrow path beside a ditch, until they come to an opening, which discloses a watermelon patch.

"Can you tell if watermelons are ripe?" asks Missy.

"Not until they are cut open."

Missy turns up a contemptuous lip.

"Spicann, do you think they are ripe?"

Spicy Ann shakes her head dubiously.

"Go thump that one."

They are none of them ripe, they are not even half ripe, for they are not much larger than a good-sized cocoanut. I venture to call their attention to that fact,

but am confronted with my previous asseveration of ignorance.

Spicy Ann thumps it, and shakes her head.

"Try another."

Spicy Ann tries another.

"Pull it."

Spicy Ann pulls it.

"Break it open."

Spicy Ann drops it on a large stone, and it splits. Only the faintest shade of pink is visible, but Missy takes a handfull out of one half and motions Spicy Ann to take a handfull out of the other. They cram it into their mouths, with the juice all running down all over their clothes. It does not make much difference about Spicy Ann's garb, but Missy's pretty little muslin is a sight.

"Take some," says Missy to me.

I take a small pinch, but I already know the very unsavory taste, and I look with amazement at them, for the most lucious fruit could hardly yield any further atisfaction, although as they only take two handfulls and throw the rest in the ditch, plainly, something beyond the condition of the fruit, inspires it.

Then they go on a little further, and Missy directs another to be pulled, with, of course, the same results, and then the ditch.

"Are they yours, to do as you please?" I ask.

"Yes, certainly, but don't tell."

I think they pull over a dozen, and "grab" (no other expression occurs to me,) their little black and begrimed hands in them, eat one mouthful apiece, with evident

enjoyment, offering me a mouthful every time, which I as regularly decline.

Finally they tire of this feast of the Picts and Scots, and after throwing the last one in the ditch, they walk further afield, and pull ear after ear of corn, looking for corn "babies." They find a great many, and have destroyed a great deal of corn, when they hear a bell ring. Aunt Winnie's way of calling them.

"Run Spicann," says Missy. "I know it's late. Don't tell," she adds to me. Spicy Ann being already drilled in diplomacy.

They fly again. This time towards the house. "Fly" seems to be the only appropriate expression of the movements they make, like "Mother Carey's chickens" skimming the waves. They are both very light and slim, and Missy's cape flutters in the wind like the wings of a bird.

She is warm and red, as well as considerably sunburnt, when we arrive at the house, and says that they have been in the garden.

She is discovered to have lost her gold chain, and accuses at first Spicy Ann of taking it.

"Or, maybe that girl," pointing to me.

"I! I!!"

Naturally, I am very indignant, and am kept from bursting into a flood of tears, by the family hastening to inform me that nobody thinks for an instant, that I have it.

I find that it is a habit of Missy's, to accuse the first person on whom her eyes rest, of whatever delinquency occurs.

I do not enumerate all the incidents that outraged me —only the most salient ones.

The gold chain is searched for, fruitlessly, in the garden.

After dinner, I decide not to go out, and ask for a book to read.

"Read? Can you read?" asks Missy. "I don't believe it."

I redden furiously. I am an only child, and made much of, and have never had my word doubted before.

The occasion is passed over for the sake of peace.

Aunt Winnie says: "Missy, where are your books?"

"Spicann, do you know?" asks Missy, in her turn, in a tone to deter Spicy Ann from telling, should she know.

But Spicy Ann's eye is on her mistress, and she says: "In de garrit."

"Go up, then, an bring some down."

"Spicann shan't bring my books down. If I can't read them, that girl shan't."

"Fie! Fie!" says Aunt Winnie. "What will Evelyn think of you? Can't read and won't let her read either? Why, she will read them to you—" coaxingly.

"I won't listen to no reading."

"Florrie," says Aunt Winnie, who thinks that grown persons ought not to get out of patience with children's vagaries, "can't you get Evelyn something to read? I think, myself, she had better be in the fresh air, she looks so pale."

"It's awful hot, mother," says Cousin Indiana. "I'll look for something in the parlor. Don't you get up, Florrie, I'm on my way upstairs, anyhow."

"So am I, for that matter," says Florrie.

Cousin Indiana brings me some picture books from the table, and says:

"We have not a great many books, Mother does not approve of reading novels."

"Why, Cousin Indy?"

"She thinks it a waste of time and a deterioration of character to spend so much sympathy on just ficticious personages. She does not mind us reading History, which is truth."

(Truth!)

"Do you really like to read History?"

"No, I don't believe I do, but I do not read much anyhow, I would rather do fancy work, tat, or embroider. Powhatan is the only one of us who ever read a great deal. He had a great many books."

"Where are they?"

"Father attributed his romantic marriage to too much literature, so he sent all of his books to him, though he did think once of burning them up.

"Just Imagine!"

"Come up when you are ready," and she ascends.

I settle myself in a corner of the hall, and turn over the leaves of the books. They are not very satisfactory, their contents being pictures, with some sort of descriptions attached, but having nothing else and being quite determined not to go out with Missy again that day, I prepare to make the best out of them.

When I commence to read, Missy summons Spicy Ann by a look, to her side. All the rest are taking a nap, except aunt, who has made herself comfortable in a sacque,

and an armed rocking chair, and is knitting industriously, and humming some old tune, with equal vigor.

Missy commences.

"Spicann, you know that I know my A B C's, don't you?"

Spicy Ann nods.

"You know I know A was an apple pie, don't you? I wish I had one now, don't you?"

Spicy Ann nods.

"Ax Mammy ter make one termorrer, she'll do it."

"Remind me in the morning."

Spicy Ann nods.

"You know A was an apple pie, too, don't you?"

Spicy Ann nods.

"Well then, when I say, A was—one time, you say one. Now, begin. A was an apple pie."

"A was an apple pie."

"No, you say: B bit it."

After saying it over two or three times as hard as they can "stave," as Spicy Ann calls it, they commence to sing it, and make themselves so noisy and disagreeable, that I despair and start up stairs, after replacing the book. Finding that I have lost, or left my handkerchief, I have to retrace my steps, however unwillingly. Missy and Spicy Ann have gone, but Uncle Hugh is saying in a very exasperated voice:

"And I believe that a dozen or more were all smashed and actually thrown into the ditch, and I cannot imagine (I wish I could) who could have done it—and ever so much corn—just destroyed wilfully."

"Some of the negroes, perhaps?" suggests Aunt

Winnie, with a pucker of her usually calm brow.

"Every single one in the cornfield with me. I even had their dinner sent."

"Could it have been the hogs?"

"Hogs don't pull corn, Winnie, nor throw melons in ditches."

Aunt Winnie says smoothly:

"Perhaps some tramp, or somebody owing a grudge." But nevertheless considers it wholly unaccountable. "As I don't think we have an enemy in the world," says she in a Christian frame of mind.

"Unaccountable—of course!" snaps Uncle Hugh, in an irritated voice, and with a twist of his lip, as he jerks the clean handkerchief, as if he would like to make a halter of it.

I am aghast, as I had never thought for a moment that the wanton destruction of the morning was really an injury to her father's property. Considering unripe watermelons as rather useless, and in no wise reflecting upon their growth.

No suspicions seem to attach to Missy, and of course, I do not tell.

Then Uncle Hugh goes on to relate that somebody has broken the well bucket, and that the milk bottle is also broken, and also in the well, and says:

"I shall have to stop two or three hands, right in the middle of the harvesting too, to clean it out; a great annoyance. That couldn't have been done by tramps, nor hogs neither, Winnie."

I feel horribly guilty, and am very unhappy for the rest of the day, and remember with much relief that

Colin is coming on Saturday, and that that is the evening of that day.

Next day Mammy comes in with Missy's cape, all rumpled and soiled and damp, and says that one of the hands found it "way down in the old orchard path."

"How in the world did it get there?" says Aunt Winnie.

"I wonder," says Missy, raising limpid blue eyes to her Mother's face, "I wonder if the wind, or that little black puppy dog, carried it out there in the night," and looking at Spicy Ann, out of the corner of her eye.

"I wonder," echoes Spicy Ann.

"That puppy is getting to be a nuisance," says Aunt Winnie. "I wish Ocie would send him to the Quarters."

After they go out, Mammy looks suspiciously at Spicy Ann. "Dat luk like watermilyun juice, on dat cape an' frock?"

"Hish er minit, Mammy," says Spicy Ann, raising her hand and her voice. "Who-o? Mam? I heers ole Mis' callin' uv me." And she darts off.

"Sum dese here days," says mammy to herself, "I'm gwine ter stop ole Mis' callin' so much."

Next morning Aunt Winnie says:

"Missy, don't you and Evelyn want to go and gather some blackberries?"

"Where?"

"Anywhere that you can find them."

"Can we go down by the pond?" inquires Missy.

Though why she ever asks permission, I do not know, as she has only the declared, or undeclared, intention of following her own wishes.

"I am almost afraid," says Aunt Winnie, in a half hesitant voice.

"Well, if I can't go there, I won't go at all."

"The pond must be dry now, Mother," says Florrie. "I don't think there can be any danger."

"Well," says Aunt Winnie, "Tell Mammy to give you three little buckets, and get as many berries as you can. See which will bring in the most. You would like to see blackberries growing, wouldn't you, Evelyn?"

I have slept over yesterday's shortcomings, and I would like to gather the ripe berries, myself, to tell my friends and schoolmates at home; and so I am beguiled into taking a bucket and starting with the two.

We do not have far to go to find the berries, which grow luxuriantly in the fence corners, on the edges of the cultivated fields, and are now large, well ripe and lucious. I am quite delighted.

Missy and Spicy Ann eat more than they put in their buckets, while I am steadily, and with much pride, filling mine; exercising much self-control, in seeing how few I can eat, and thinking how nice they are going to taste with the rich fresh cream, always to command at Aunt Winnie's. On seeing a bright yellow butterfly hovering over the vines, Missy and Spicy Ann give chase. It flies toward me.

"Catch it, Evelyn."

But I fail. It flies further and further, and calling me to "Come on," they race quite a distance, before they

capture it. When I reach them, Spicy Ann is holding it between two fingers, and looking to Missy for instructions.

"What are you going to do with it?" I inquire.

"If you bite off its head," explains Missy, "and wish for a new dress, like one of the spots on the wings, you are sure to get it."

"But that's cruel!" I say, earnestly.

"It ain't, is it Spicy Ann?"

Spicy Ann shakes her head.

"What a fuss about nuthin'," Missy exclaims. "They're nuthin' but worms with wings. Give it to me." She takes it and eyes the spots reflectively. "I'd like a dress like that blue spot there. You bite it, Spicy Ann," holding it out.

"I'll git de dress den."

"You bite it anyhow, and I'll see about that."

Spicy Ann bites it off, gingerly, then spits it out, and turns to the pond for water to wash her mouth.

"What did it taste like?" asks Missy, curiously.

"Bitter," answers Spicy Ann, replacing with a blackberry.

"Where, now, are the buckets?"

"Done leff um by de fence cornder."

"Go back after them."

Spicy Ann departs.

Missy decides that the berries there by the pond are even bigger than those she left, and that she can't wait for Spicy Ann. So she gathers up her dress and commences to fill it with the berries. By the time Spicy Ann returns with the buckets, she is dripping with the

red juice. Her face and hands already plentifully besmeared.

"Laws, Missy," says Spicy Ann, "Mammy gwine ter make er awful fuss 'bout dat frock."

Missy shrugs her shoulders, and empties the contents of her impromptu basket into the bucket.

Then they commence to try their fortunes with the love vines that grow among the bushes, and initiate me into this fascinating pastime. A truly sybilline oracle, particularly if your sweetheart's name begins with O or C. But as I steadily refuse to tell her whom I have chosen for mine, she says that she is going to tell Ocie that I said that he was my sweetheart. As I am very bashful about boys, as well as considerably *epris* with Ocie, I blush guiltily, and she calls Spicy Ann to witness.

Then they take off her shoes, and she wades all around the side of the pond, all in the mud, and after bedraggling herself until she looks scarcely human, she proposes for all of us to try to walk the fence, barefoot.

"Don't you remember how pretty that circus girl looked on the top of that horse, Spicy Ann?"

Assent from Spicy Ann.

"Well, I just bet she learned on top the fence" And up she climbs.

"And if I get the blue dress, I'm going to choose a blue tarletan, and have it made all over flounces, and I haven't made up my mind, but I might go off with the next circus that comes. Don't tell, Evelyn."

After balancing herself, Spicy Ann following, as a matter of course, she dares me to do it. But on taking

mine off, the briers and stones hurt my feet, so I put them on again and stand looking at them. They are very agile, and evidently adepts, and Missy taunts me with the fact of my inability, which is very hard to bear. By and by, Missy gets a splinter in her foot. After vainly trying to get it out, she begins to cry. She is hot and tired out, and has entirely lost her temper; and having begun to cry she continues to enlouden, if the word may be used.

"I am going to the house, come on, Spicann."

I have my tin pail in my hand, but on reminding Missy of hers, she kicks them, pails and all, into the pond, and snatches mine, and tosses it after them, and then starts to run, Spicy Ann and myself bringing up the rear. She screams all the way, hopping occasionally on the splintered foot, and presenting, I may say, a rather appalling appearance.

Mother and sisters rush to the door, and on seeing her dishevelled and "gormed" aspect they run on down the walk to meet her, and all scream in chorus.

"Oh! What has happened to my child?"

"Oh! Poor little Missy." (Tears.)

"'Taint nuthin', Mis'," Spicy Ann says coolly, for Missy does nothing but scream louder and louder, at the signs of sympathy. "Nuthin' but blackberries, an' a splinter."

Missy continues to scream on.

"They take her into the house, hovering over her and touching her here and there, to ascertain if she should be injured at all, meanwhile casting dubious glances at my remaining in a presentable state, while Missy seems

to have come to so much grief. And I feel that they think I am at fault, somehow.

Florrie calls Mammy and they take off the truly objectionable looking clothes, give her a bath, locate and extract the splinter, after which she subsides into sobs. They curl her hair over again, and offer her her prettiest dresses and ribbons to choose from, and she sits sniffling in her Mother's lap, and, amid many fond and coaxing words, she falls asleep.

Cousin Logan, who was in the house at the time, and has been as far as the door, but his apprehensions relieved, has retreated to the sofa, and is now placidly watching the proceedings.

"I think Missy must be sick," says her mother, kissing the top of her head, softly. "Would you send for the doctor, Logan?"

"No, Mother, I don't think I would."

"What do you suppose makes her cry so much?"

"I think," says Logan drily, "on second thought, that perhaps Dr. Green of Peach street, might do her some good. He is a very successful practitioner among children, I have heard. I think Missy is 'blue-moulding for want of a beating.' "

"Oh, Logan!" reproachfully the chorus, "would you lay your hand on this child?"

"No, Mother, I wouldn't. I am sure that my life would not be safe in this house, if I did. But that is what she needs."

He laughs and retires, amid the indignant glances of all the feminine persuasion, except myself, and no one will doubt my hearty agreement with him.

Next morning, Missy and Spicy Ann go out by themselves. Before long, I hear Aunt Winnie's lamentations. They have managed to kill a lot of little chickens, by untieing the hens, and letting them run in the wet grass, with their broodlings. But Aunt Winnie fully believes that Missy does not know any better.

"Though she will, next time," she says affectionately.

Spicy Ann is never called into account, as it seems that she must mind Missy. Unless, occasionally, when she trenches on Mammy's preserves; when, Mammy, who has seen no sign of development of black wings, on Spicy Ann's shoulders, at least, takes upon herself to wield a rod of scorpions.

In the evening company come in, and Mammy is told to prepare refreshments, and leaves us in the porch. Missy proposes a walk. Not knowing exactly what to do with myself, I consent.

We walk a little distance into the edge of the woods, and Missy dares me to walk on a log, which is lying innocently beside the path.

Seing no reason against, and no danger in so doing, I jump on it with one spring, and fall through.

It is entirely decayed throughout, though it has a fair outside of bark.

They pull me out by my arms, scratching and tearing me considerably, and when I get out I look down at my smarting shins and see multitudes, millions of swarming black ants and ticks. My stockings are covered with the creeping things.

Missy and Spicy Ann jump back from me, and as I turn to walk forward, they keep jumping back; then

they finally turn around and run swiftly away from me. The ants are beginning to sting.

I take my handkerchief and try to wipe them off. They swarm then, on my bare arms, and I commence to cry; for they hurt dreadfully, and I am afraid they are poisonous.

I run desperately, calling after the two flying figures, feeling acutely how treacherous they are. The insects are biting and stinging me, but the stings do not hurt me any worse than my wounded affections.

When I get to the house they are not in view, but they have apparently done good service, for they have told Mammy of my condition. She meets and carries me to her cabin and, tells me to wait just outside the door until, she spreads a sheet.

Then she lifts me in, and undresses me on it, and then gathers sheet and clothes together, and dumps everything into a tub of scalding water, prepared for the washing.

She wraps me in an old bedquilt, smelling of tobacco: for most negroes smoke; while she goes into the house for fresh clothing.

And there I sit, and hear them calling to me from the house, to come and take leave of my departing friends, who are friends of my parents. Of course I can't answer. No doubt, they think I am a very ill bred little girl, and I know that I am a very ill used one.

Mammy bathes me and puts salt and water on the bites, and comforts me the best that she can; but I am past comfort.

She then says that I must go on into the house and

get some "Iceland snow," which she thinks will make me feel better.

I do not know exactly what she means until Ocie asks me how I like "Iceland snow."

"I don't understand," I begin, for I think that perhaps they are teasing me.

"Why, didn't you have some of the new ice cream? How was that?" turning to some one for explanation.

"She wasn't here," says Aunt Winnie, "and Missy said that she didn't care for it, so I gave the freezer to Spicy Ann."

"Well, it is too bad. I assure you, Evelyn, that it was the best thing I ever ate."

When Aunt Winnie hears of the accident, in the overflowing sympathy, that she has saved from the novels, she is perfectly certain that poor little Missy never meant the least harm.

Missy and Spicy Ann giggle all the evening, and I feel perfectly sure that they knew perfectly well what they were about.

Nobody knows how glad I am that only one day remains to me.

Missy has a little bed in her Mother's room, but frequently she varies her quarters, by electing to stay with one or the other of her sisters, who esteem it a great favor. To-night she distinguishes Florrie.

"I am going to sleep to-night with you, Florrie, and I want you to undress me."

"All right, Lady Bird."

However, when Missy's bedtime comes, Florrie has a

beau, and proposes for the pleasing task of disrobing her sister to be performed by Mammy.

"Mammy shan't touch me."

"Come on, now, Florrie, right now," says the czarina. When she gets to the top of the stairs and finds that Florrie is not with her, she shrieks for Florrie at the top of her voice.

Florrie, knowing the futility of remonstrance, goes up and begins to pull off the clothes, rather unceremoniously.

Missy struggles and jerks, all ways at once, but Florrie manages to get them off in a bunch, and turns around for the nightrobe, and when she turns back, Missy has them on again, and is sitting like a locust, all open in the back, and steadily refuses to budge.

"If I can't have my clothes taken off properly, I shan't have my clothes taken off at all. Now there!"

Florrie stands with the gown helplessly.

"Spicy Ann, pull off Missy's shoes."

Missy kicks Spicy Ann, who falls back just beyond the reach of her toes.

Florrie, not wishing to give her beau an unpleasant idea of either herself or her sister, does not know what to do.

Just then Mammy comes in after Spicy Ann, and Florrie hands her the gown in silence, and points in dumb show to Missy, and runs down stairs.

"Come, Missy, let me ondress you; I ain't got no time ter fool."

Missy catches the chair under her by the rungs, with both hands, and clenches her teeth.

Mammy vainly endeavors to disengage her, by force

and by persuasion; but is compelled to desist, for, without dislocating Missy's limbs, she finds it an impossibility.

"I'm gwine down aft' ole Mis'," she says in desperation, as she wipes the profuse perspiration from her face.

"I aint feared of no 'Ole Mis'," says Missy. "I aint feared of the devil herself."

"Laws, chile, you better be. If uver I knowed any body dat ought ter be, you dat one!" Mammy plainly has not the unlimited faith in Missy, entertained by the rest of the family.

"Come, Missy, let me ondress you," making another effort.

"I want Florrie. Go down and tell Florrie she's wicked to promise—"

"I aint gwine aft' Miss Florrie, an' she in de parlor wid her sweetheart; I'm gwine arft' Marster."

As I have seen very little of Uncle Hugh, I do not know what amount of terror this threat may convey, but Missy sits perfectly still for a little while and does not open her mouth, as she appears to be listening intently to the direction of Mammy's footsteps.

Spicy Ann has remained exactly where she was when Missy kicked her. As the last remaining sound of Mammy's steps die out, Missy opens a quarrel with Spicy Ann, the first I have heard, but I suppose the kicking rankles, for Spicy Ann answers back bravely. They are telling each other very unwholesome truths, and disclosing unexpected depths of depravity, when I essay something to divert them, and Missy whirls around and fastens on me, literally; and utters the same succes-

sion of shrieks that announced her presence the first day.

It is impossible to stop her, or to disengage myself, or to shake her off, And when Mammy returns, in Aunt Winnie's company, plainly both think we are fighting, and proceed to reprove us both.

I feel that it is beneath me to try and justify myself; also that it is very hard for anybody to think that I am so undignified, as to fight.

Missy calls Spicy Ann to witness that I began it.

Cousin Indy comes up, to help quell the disturbance, for Florrie's sake, and between them they bear Missy off. But I can see that they think I am very much to blame, being so much older than Missy, who is "only a baby."

I cry myself to sleep and say, over and over, to myself, that never one of my children shall ever spend the night away from home.

The next evening Cousin Logan has the buggy on the lawn ready to start for a drive somewhere, just as Missy and I come down, from being dressed.

"Evelyn, would you and Missy like to ride to the forks of the road with me?"

"I would, I thank you," I don't feel called on to say what Missy may choose.

"Get your bonnet then."

I run for my hat, and come back to find Missy and

Spicy Ann standing by the buggy, holding the tongue of a little rough wagon.

"I want to go," Missy is saying, "but I don't want to ride in the buggy, I want to hitch my wagon behind, and me and Spicann ride in it."

"You can't do it. You and Spicy Ann can get in the buggy, but I can't let you get hurt with that thing."

"I shan't go then."

"All right," says he, with composure, "jump up, Spicy Ann."

"Spicann belongs to me, and she shan't go if I can't hitch my wagon."

"All right, I'll take Evelyn a little way, and bring her back. You wont mind, will you, Evelyn?"

I do mind, but as it is unavoidable, I signify my willingness to do anything that will suit him.

When we get to the gate, he has to stop to wait for the gate to be opened; and Missy and Spicy Ann have time to catch up, and by some sleight of hand, manage to fasten the wagon to the buggy and then jump in.

Instead of, as I expect him, peremptorily demanding that they shall unfasten it and return, he smiles indulgently at their undisguised sense of cleverness and craftiness, and Missy's triumph.

He holds the horse in, so that it will not go too fast for the wagon. But what is slow for the horse, is too fast for the little wagon wheels, and by the time we are nearly at the forks of the road, one wheel has rubbed itself off at the axle, and Missy and her maid fall over into the dust.

Spicy Ann picks herself up with her usual stolidity

and promptitude, but Missy lies flat in the middle of the road, and of course, shrieks.

Logan grows white, and reins the horse up.

"Get out, Evelyn, the best you can, I can't let go the reins with you in here."

I climb out and run to Missy. She is not hurt, I think, but she keeps on rolling and screeching, until Logan has fastened the horse, and hurried back to her. He picks her up and feels all her joints, and begs her to tell him if she is really hurt, or only frightened; but she neither answers nor stops; until he shows her a quarter and promises to give it to her, if she will just tell him that she is not hurt.

"Give Spicy Ann one too," she resumes her usual tone of voice, so immediately, that it is in itself reassuring. He gives a smile and a sigh of relief, but begs her to *say* that she is not hurt.

She shakes her head and laughs.

"Give Spicy Ann the quarter, first."

He laughs, and will it be believed, he kisses that naughty, dusty little mouth.

"I am in such a hurry, or I would take you back home, but it is not far and you and Evelyn can't get lost on a perfectly straight road. Go straight home, Missy. Here is a quarter for you, Evelyn, for not falling out."

I put my hand behind me and shake my head. (He recollects to bring me back a lovely bottle of perfume from the store, and I waver in my allegience to Ocie.)

He unfastens the cause of disaster, and drives swiftly away, looking back every few minutes, as long as he is

sight, and waving for us to go on. The ungrateful Missy and Spicy Ann sit still on the road, each with her quarter shining in her hand, and discussing what is to to be done with it.

"Why didn't you have sense enough to take that quarter Logan offered you. You might have given it to me when Logan had gone, if you didn't want to keep it."

"Father doesn't allow me to accept money from strangers."

"Laws, just think, Spicyann! Why Mr. So-and-so always gives me a dollar, and Mr. What-you-call-him always gives me a half-dollar, don't he Spicann? And Logan is kin to you, too. Spicann and me have given a party of presents, havn't we Spicann?"

Spicyann nods.

"I could have taken your quarter, and Spicy Ann's, and bought a big wax doll, Ninny."

Logan left us at the forks of the road, but by fussing so much witn Missy I do not know which to take; they all look alike to me.

"Let's go home, now," I say two or three times to Missy, unheeded.

At last she rises.

"Come on," she says to me. To Spicy Ann she whispers something that sounds like: "I am going to pay Logan out."

We go along the path, and we walk a long ways. We come to a small brick house, built half way in the ground. I inquire if any one lives there.

They answer derisively.

It is the ice house, and fully a mile from the big

house. Down by the ice pond, but of course I do not know that; but it dawns on me that I never saw it before.

"Missy," I say hesitatingly, "can we be lost?"

She and Spicy Ann glance at each other, and look apprehensively about.

"Spicann," exclaims Missy, "I believe we are lost."

"Lost!" I say, "Lost!" For I did not really realize it as a truth, when I said so.

"Yes," she repeats, "Lost."

"Aint you afraid?"

"Yes," she says slowly, "I'm afraid, aint you Spicann?"

An acquiescent nod.

"Oh, what shall we do? What shall we do?" I am in a panic now. "Will anything in the woods catch us? Are there any wild animals? Bears? Wolves?"

"I don't know," she says. "Spicann and me never saw any, but we've never been out at night before, have we Spicann?"

"No, nuvver."

"But," she says, "somebody might steal us. I've heard of children being stolen, havn't you, Spicann?"

"Mis' Sminney dun tole me 'bout suvral." Mis' Sminney is the overseer's wife.

"We must hide," says Missy decisively. "If you hear anything move—"

"Hide where?"

"In the hayricks over there," she points to the other side of the ice house; (nearer home, had I but known.")

"Hayricks? What are hayricks?"

"Where they stack the hay for the cattle in winter.

I don't suppose father will care, if we do tear them down, to keep from being eat up by lions and tigers, or being stolen. He always makes out that he is awful fond of me, when he has got time to look at me. Don't he, Spicann? Though he did make an awful fuss when Ocie and the school boys slid them all to pieces once."

They continue to exchange remarks, which culminate in frightful stories of children being stolen; into ghost stories, and other fearful occurrences, told over kitchen fires by darkies, to each other, when they had better have been asleep; and by Spicy Ann repeated to her mistress.

I am quite appalled at our situation. The sun has gone down, and it is beginning to grow dark in the shadow of the woods.

"I wish we had some supper," I say dolefully, trying to keep the tears out of my eyes.

"Feel in your pocket, Spicann, and see if you have got anything to eat? I haven't got anything in mine, except a hole."

They frequently put biscuit or cake in their pockets, at their meals; a habit I have held, hitherto, in supreme disgust.

Spicy Ann finds an outside crust of cornbread, and they divide it into three pieces, as nearly as biting and breaking, alternately, can compass. I was afraid that they might leave me out of their calculations, and not think it necessary to share with me. I am not fond of cornbread, and it might be cleaner; but I am very hungry, and eat it with appetite. Under the circumstances, it tastes very nicely.

"Do you hear anything?" interrupts Missy. "Listen, Spicann! Listen hard!"

Spicy Ann fails to hear anything out of ordinary.

"Let's run and hide, anyway. It might be too late, after we are seen."

We run to the hayricks, and Missy and Spicy Ann, hand over hand, pull the hay down, until they make an aperture, large enough for me to stand upright. Then they push me in, and cover me with the hay.

"Don't say a word, and don't breathe so loud," whispers Missy, "and don't answer if you hear any one call, and be sure not to stick your head out. If you hear anybody come, Spicy Ann and I'll be right here, in another hayrick. Somebody will have to hunt for us from the house, when they miss us, but don't you say one word, unless you hear me answer; because it might be somebody come for us, to kill us."

"Don't leave me by myself," I cry.

"Oh, I can't make a hole big enough for us all to get together in one hayrick. But don't you be 'fraid, Evelyn. I'll be in the very next, and can see anything, and I'll know what to do."

They pull some more hay down, over me, and I hear the whispering and scuffling in the hay. Then Missy calls to me in smothered tones:

"Don't say anything more, Evelyn, and remember that I am here."

She seems to be a good deal braver than I would have expected of her, and puts me to shame.

I hear calling, and calling. And shrink down in an ecstacy of fear. For as Missy doesn't answer, I feel afraid to

I hear all sorts of voices, and steps, but my heart beats so loudly, that I think maybe that I deceive myself. Still Missy doesn't answer.

All at once, I hear a hoarse voice say, brokenly:

"Perhaps we had better have the pond dragged—get the well-hooks—I see footprints."

I pull aside the wisps of straw, as softly as I can, and recognize, with a strange man, my own cousin Logan.

As there can be no occasion of fear from him, in defiance of Missy's caution, I slide out into the moonlight.

"Good gracious alive, Evelyn! What in the world are you doing here? And where is Missy?"

"I don't know," I say crying, hysterically.

"Don't know? Why, I left you together. Why didn't you go on straight home, when I left you?"

"I didn't know what straight was, Logan. We got lost."

"But Missy!" he interrupts, impatiently. "Missy! Missy! What became of her? She can't be lost! She and Spicy Ann together?"

"I don't know."

"Missy! Missy!" calls Logan, starting the birds from their slumbers, and an owl flies out from a tree, shrilling: "Whoo! whoo!"

Logan's face turns whiter than ever the moonlight makes it.

I do not know that it is regarded as an evil omen.

"They must be somewhere near by," I say.

"But where? Where? Why don't they answer me, then?"

"Perhaps," I say consolingly, "they are smothered in the hay."

At which the two men commence to tear down every hayrick, one after another. I feel into the one nearest to me, and feel something cold to the touch. I shudder, and utter a sudden exclamation of alarm.

Logan turns paler yet, and they haul out Spicy Ann, fast asleep, but no Missy. And Spicy Ann, in her bewildered state of somnolency and surprise, does not know either. Then, indeed, we are in a state of wild alarm.

The hayricks are level with the ground, and still no Missy!

Just then, a bell rings from the house, and Logan gives a loud, but somewhat tremulous answering cry.

"Missy's found!"

We are met on the way to the house by two or three messengers, conveying the joyful tidings.

Missy has taken advantage, of having covered me up, and the subsequent confusion, and failing to awaken Spicy Ann without alarming me also, has basely left us (after seeing Logan pass) and run on to the house by herself, without meeting any one. She finds her mother on the verge of convulsions, Florrie in hysterics, while Cousin Indy is out with the men, searching wildly.

She looks as calm as a summer sea, when we get in.

Ocie asks:

"Missy, how came you to think you lost? I thought you and Spicy Ann could find your way all over the plantation blindfolded, night or day."

"Wasn't nobody lost but Evelyn. Spicy Ann and me knew where we was all the time."

"Then how came you to hide?" asks Logan.

"That girl told so many ghost stories that I got skeered."

"You ought not to have frightened this little thing, Evelyn." They look reproachfully at me, *leider ohne werde*, but they are so glad to have recovered Missy, that they forbear to give expression to their feelings. They are so relieved that she is safe, not drowned, not stolen, not injured, that they spend some time in kissing and hugging her, passing her for that purpose, from one to the other, before they remember that we have had no supper. This is a suggestion from Spicy Ann to Mammy. Mammy gets a nice hot supper, and they all want Missy to sleep with them, severally.

While I, in my inmost soul, think that no punishment allowed by law, would be enough to atone for my uncalled-for fright.

Just for nothing too, for I hear her ask Spicy Ann to recollect that she has paid Logan off.

Saturday I spend the morning in rather a zig-gaz performance, going backwards and forwards, from front porch, where I am watching for Colin, and the dining room, to consult the clock, studiously endeavoring to conceal the object of my migrations from the family, who notice how restless I have suddenly become.

For once Missy's voice sounds pleasantly to my ears, when she and Spicy Ann announce from the road gate, on which they have been swinging the whole afternoon, the sight of an arrival.

When Colin drives me past the last panel of the worm fence, bordering the plantation, I feel free to draw my first free breath, which I do, with a long sigh of relief.

Colin laughs. "I see that you still breathe the breath of life. I told you how it would be. Are you sorry I didn't wait till the two weeks were up?"

"Oh, Colin!"

"Was it so very terrible then?"

"Well, dear?" as I throw myself into Aunt Ruth's arms, with tears in my eyes.

"The first day I counted the days.

The next day I counted the hours.

The next day I counted the minutes.

The last day I counted the seconds."

"Just Missy?" asks Aunt Ruth anxiously.

"Just Missy."

"We won't say anything more about it then," says Aunt Ruth, with her honorable sense of hospitality.

And we buried her in oblivion.

And yet, I hear that she grew up into a fine woman.

I am glad to hear it.

I never saw her afterwards.

I really feel no desire to see her.

And, somehow, I find that statement hard to believe.

Don't let's talk about her any more.

JUN 5 1899

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